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NO. VII.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Original.

BY REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

THIS is the closing month of the year. Another of the ever-revolving cycles of time is near its termination, and about mingling with that countless series which have preceded it. Another year, with all its multiplied events, whether of joy or of sorrow, of pleasure or of pain, of gain or of loss—with its gratified hopes, its deep and bitter disappointments, its soothing consolations, its unmitigated griefs—is dropping its last sands into that changeless past from whence nought can be recalled! Another era is soon to be etched upon that imperishable tablet of eternity, which records not only the age of man, but of the earth and all the stars of heaven. Impelled by an unseen arm of Omnipotence, our globe has once more, in discharge of its wonted errand, wheeled its trackless circle around that central luminary which is the bright emblem of Him who is the Father and Benefactor of all. Again have we been visited, in turn, by the agreeable mutations of the seasons. Spring, with its opening leaves, its blossoming flowers, and its sweet-scented gales, has smiled upon us. Summer, with its waving fields and enamelled meadows, has gladdened our hearts. Autumn has poured its rich harvests and its golden fruits into our laps. And hoary winter, with noiseless step, is locking the earth and the streams in its icy embrace, or more boisterously whirling its sleet and snow around us.

Thus time waits not, lags not, tires not, but hurries forward in its swift career, bearing us on its restless bosom to the shoreless ocean of eternity! In vain would we stem this mighty current, in vain would we strive to make a stand on some jutting promontory, and allow time's hasty stream to flow by, while we would tarry to pluck the flowers of pleasure, or to elude the storms of

affliction towards which it is urging us! Time moves not at the beck of man, neither will it cease at his command. And why should we wish to chain its progress? If its ceaseless flight cuts short our sweetest pleasures, it also terminates our sorrows and the woes of our fellow-creatures. Better far to contend not against the speed of time, or regret its hurried footsteps; and better still, and wiser, to endeavor so to guide our little bark, by the compass of reason and the polar star of truth, as to avoid those rocks and shoals upon which so many of our race have blindly rushed to shipwreck and ruin!

As we pass the moment that separates the old year from the new, the last lines of one of the pages of life are written, never to be erased, and we turn over another leaf in the journal of our earthly existence. Hence, as the new page lies fair and white before us, equally unadorned by the memento of a virtue, and unstained by the record of a crime, it is a fitting opportunity to pause for a short season—to banish from the mind the promptings of ambition, the thirst for gain, and the sordid inducements which too often are allowed to linger around the heart, and permit our reflections to embrace both the past and the future. As the weary traveler in passing over the mountain height pauses at the summit, and looks back upon the long, tortuous route he has passed over, and then casting his eyes forward endeavors to scan his future course, so, on the imaginary elevation which separates the two years, should we cast a retrospective glance upon that which is closing, and from a contemplation of its multiplied and varied events, endeavor to draw wisdom and prudence, to guide us in that untrodden future which lies before us. And in contemplating the events of the past year, we shall discover much to regret, not only in the actions of those around us, but also, undoubtedly, in our own conduct. How often have we erred,

not only unintentionally, but, I fear, sometimes knowingly; how many important obligations have we left undischarged—how many imperious duties have we failed to fulfill, or, at least, fulfilled in a very imperfect manner—how many improper emotions have we cherished and exhibited! Anger, perhaps, has flashed from our eyes: the black spirit of revenge may have burned in our bosoms; hatred or malice, jealousy or envy, may have rankled in our hearts; a secret wish to defraud our neighbor of his lawful possessions, a miserly desire to hoard up wealth, or to hold with iron grasp riches already acquired at the expense of generosity and benevolence, and to the injury of all those institutions and those interests upon which our real prosperity and true happiness depend, may have crept into our hearts and rooted deep their poisonous fibres! But what is passed is indeed *passed*, and cannot be recalled. But although the past can never be brought back, yet it need not hence be entirely useless. It can be turned to great and good account; for it can be made, to a good extent, the teacher of the future. In contemplating the errors of past days and studying their causes, we may be enabled to avoid similar mistakes in future. In reflecting upon the evil consequences which have been the legitimate fruit of past heedlessness and sin, we can be taught the necessity of greater precaution hereafter, and the wisdom of taking heed to our ways. To these instructions of the past, Elihu the Buzite referred when he exclaimed, 'Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.' Job xxxii. 7. And if we but call into requisition the powers of perception and reflection with which God has kindly endowed us, days *will* speak, and multitude of years *will* teach us wisdom.

In looking to the year now about to close for its lessons, we shall find much to instruct and to cheer as well as to admonish. The earth has continued day by day to revolve on its own axis, and with its wonted speed and precision has run its far-reaching circuit around the common centre of our solar system; the sun has continued in the heavens undimmed and unshorn of its beams, and has not ceased to pour down its floods of light and warmth upon us; the starry sentinelsoft he night have not forsaken their allotted stations; the tides of ocean have continued their restless ebb and flow; the mountain-springs have not forgotten to gush forth, nor the streams to rush on their course to the sea—these, and

the ten thousand like phenomena that have continued to exhibit themselves on every hand, should all contribute to strengthen our faith, not only in the existence of a Supreme Being, but also in the infinitude of his wisdom, in the omnipotence of his power, and the boundlessness of his resources.

And has not the closing year furnished us renewed assurances of the goodness and impartiality of our Creator? Has not the earth budded and blossomed and brought forth 'seed for the sower and bread for the eater,' in even more than its wonted profusion? Has not the sun continued to shine alike upon all the children of men? have not the morning showers and the sweet-dews of evening continued to fall with the same freshness upon all? has not the soil continued to yield its produce as abundantly to the culture of the poor as of the rich, to the man who worships God in one form as to him who worships him in another? have not the flowers continued to bloom as brightly, and to perfume the air with their fragrance as freely, beneath the cottage window of the humble serf, as upon the marbled terrace of the despotic lord? have not the silver rays of the moon been reflected as fully, and the stars continued to look down as kindly, upon the peasant as the king? Yes—yes; these questions can but be answered in the affirmative! Thus the lessons of the year not only prove negatively, that our heavenly Father has no partiality or evil in his character, but positively that he is impartially kind to all, that his goodness is co-equal and co-extensive with his wisdom and his power, that the arms of his everlasting love encircle vast creation, and not a living thing exists that participates not in the exhaustless riches of his mercy!

A proper contemplation of the events of a closing year, will increase our confidence in the protecting providence of God. It is impossible for us to understand all the dangers by which we are constantly surrounded and exposed. Each moment of our existence there are ten thousand causes in operation to fill our bodies with disease and pain, and reduce them to a state of death. 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made,' the Psalmist truly exclaimed. Did we comprehend all the minute operations of our bodily construction, did we fully understand all the valves and counter-valves, the aqueducts, pumps, air-receivers, braces, tendons, pullies—in fine, all the intricate machinery of the human frame, which

must be kept every moment in unimpeded operation to continue us in existence and health, did we have a full knowledge of the principles in the earth upon which we tread, in the food of which we partake, in the water we drink and the air we inhale, which are constantly tending to disorganize our bodies and reduce them to their primitive elements, instead of wondering that we occasionally experience pain, the great wonder would be that we are exempt from it one moment—yea, the still greater wonder would be that we can be sustained in existence for an hour against all these counteracting influences! Occasionally one or more of these dangers flash out before us in some calamitous event, and if our lives have not been destroyed, we exclaim, 'how wonderfully have I been preserved!' But, in reality, we are no more protected in moments of appalling danger, than during every hour of our being. Our daily existence is one continued scene of protection from God. And each day our thanks for preservation should go up as warmly and sincerely as when we have been allowed to escape some visibly threatened danger. But do not these dangers sometimes destroy the lives of mankind? They assuredly do; but this is no proof that the Creator's protection has ceased. It only proves that the Deity thinks proper to remove, in this manner, a dependent creature into another state of existence; the time for removal had come, and that was the mode that a wise God selected to accomplish it. The same God exists in that world, the same love and mercy adorn his character there as here, and the same kind protection will there forever be extended over all his offspring.

A contemplation of the events of the past year will increase our confidence in the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness. Although error may occasionally, under some very peculiar circumstances, meet with apparent success, and throw obstacles in the way of truth, yet this is an artificial, an unnatural state of things, and consequently cannot become permanent. Truth alone is lasting and imperishable. Hence those who feel confident that they possess the truth will also be confident that that truth will prosper despite all opposition. And in confirmation of this assurance, we have seen that the gospel-doctrine of a world's salvation, has, during the year that is closing, continued to increase and spread in a manner calculated to warrant the belief of its final triumph! It has continued to gather

strength and stability; the attention of community has been more and more attracted towards it, the bitterness of the opposition arrayed against it has continued to decrease, the general current of religious bias is setting strongly in its favor, and we may now look forward with certainty to the time when it shall become the prevailing sentiment in our favored land. This cheering prospect should renew our courage, our zeal, our perseverance, and should cause us to enter upon the new year with an increased determination to devote ourselves and our means to the interests of the great cause of truth, humanity and love.

A retrospective glance through the year cannot fail to add to the number of those important lessons, which teach us of the rewards of right-doing and the punishments of sin. We have seen repeated instances where virtue, integrity, honesty, benevolence, industry and perseverance, have yielded their natural fruit of respect, prosperity and peace! And on the other hand there have not been wanting instances which have spoken in language not to be misunderstood, of the degradation, ruin and wretchedness which are the unavoidable fruit of evil practices! Let us contemplate these events with minds thirsting for knowledge and open to conviction. Let the genial and happifying influences of virtue, induce us to become her votaries, that we may enjoy her rich rewards! And as the bee sips honey from the most nauseous objects, so let us, by contemplating the wickedness we have witnessed, draw therefrom the nectar of true wisdom. If an understanding of the anguish and misery which flow from wicked actions, and the indulgence of sinful passions, will not convince us of the necessity of avoiding the path of transgression, then are we to be pitied indeed, for our blindness and stupidity, and for the dangers of our condition. Those who rush on in the same wicked career which they know has led thousands to ignominy and woe, must either be lacking in common sense, or entirely besotted by sin and reckless of its ruin!

And, reader, how is it with us? Has the year which is about to be added to the past added to the stores of our wisdom? Has each passing day and week added to our resolution to avoid the fascinations of wickedness, and to walk in wisdom's ways of 'pleasantness and peace?' If we have not thus strengthened the bulwarks of virtue and righteousness, the year is lost, and worse than lost.

The close of the year! how many thoughts rush into the mind at the utterance of these words! Involuntarily we withdraw our gaze from the future, and busy memory runs hastily back over the many events that have transpired, and calls their dim visions again to take the form of reality before us. One short year! What changes have been wrought in that brief period, not only upon the great scale of nations, but in communities, and in the little circle of families. How many have languished on beds of sickness whom kind Providence has blessed with returning health and strength! And death, too, has not yet blunted the keen edge of his scythe; but with his wonted impartiality has cut down his thousands of every age and condition. Ah, memory, memory! in the picture which thou presentest for our contemplation of the events of the expiring year, what a mingling of light and darkness, of joy and grief, of health and disease, of life and death, do we behold! At the moving of thy magic wand what scenes pass before me! I behold an aged and hoary sire, who has toiled on through his threescore years and ten, now he totters on the brink of the grave—anon he sinks, he disappears, 'he sleeps with his fathers!' I behold a manly form in the vigor of life, busily and eagerly engaged in the stirring scenes of business; suddenly he is arrested in the midst of his career—he is prostrate upon the couch of sickness—skill, watchfulness, care, all are in vain * * * a funeral train, the widow's tears, the orphan's wail, closes the scene! I see one in the bright sunshine of youth, health blooms upon her cheek, joy, intelligence, wit, sparkle in her eye; she is the pride of doating parents, the sunlight of the family circle; but, alas! neither youth nor innocence can stay the approach of 'the king of terrors;' he comes—that fair form lies pale and cold in death; the radiance of the daughter's smile, the music of the sister's voice, have passed away, and the abode of peace and joy has become the house of mourning! And yet another scene presents itself to view. I behold an artless infant, a morning flower, just unfolding its bright and beautiful leaves to the light of existence; and as the tender mother upon whose bosom it reclines, fondly twines its clustering locks, or presses her lips upon its dimpled cheek, or gazes upon that bright countenance in which is pictured the angelic innocence and purity of heaven, she pictures the future with the usefulness, the prosperity,

the wealth, the renown, to which her offspring shall attain! Mistaken mother! that bright dream must cease! cold reality and bitter disappointment are at hand—the angel of death even now stoops to encircle thy beloved one. * *

* A span-like mound in the church-yard, with a solitary rose-twigg at the head, tells the tale of the mother's bereavement, the mother's wo!

These, and such as these, are the pictures which memory presents, while running back no further than the twelve months of which this is the last! It is true there are brighter scenes imprinted on memory's pages; but in contemplating recent events, the gloomy and the sorrowful will assume the foreground, and rivet our attention more than the joyful. But to the sorrowful, the mourning, the disconsolate, the gospel comes with soothing and healing power. It instructs them that the separation of death is decreed by a kind and gracious Providence, who orders all things for good. It points them to the fairer skies, the brighter fields, the purer and happier scenes of another life, and whispers the joyful assurance that there they shall forever be united to the lost and the loved of earth, whom death has rudely torn from their embrace!

Reader, let us enter upon the new year with renewed resolutions to become wiser by the failures and the mistakes of the past, and to endeavor to cause the future to become as we would have it when it has glided into the past. With thankfulness to God for the profusion of blessings already granted, with the most entire confidence in the continuance of his goodness and love for all future time—let us serve, adore and praise him with all the sincerity and ardor with which he has endowed us.



THE SOLDIERS.

A VISION.

BY MISS N. THORNING.

Original.

THEY came in the panoplied pomp of war,
While banner and plume were waving far,
And the drum's deep beat, and the trumpet's sound,
Martialled their steps to the battle ground.
'Twas a noble sight—that warrior band—
The weapons of death were grasped in each hand,
Each step was firm, though the heart might fail,
Each head was erect, though the eye might quail.
'Twas a proud display of pomp and power,
Of man's vain pride—the pomp of an hour,
Where music's swell could drown the sigh,
And the passing breeze could dry the eye.

And what is the passion that fires each heart,
What motive bids each life pulse start,
While swifter flows the current of life,
Which may stop for aye in the coming strife.

A voice was heard o'er the host of war—
Distinctly heard, though heard from afar,
It spake—and free from mask or disguise,
Stood the warrior troop to my eager eyes.

And first a noble form came forth,
With step as proud and free,
As if he ne'er to one of earth,
Had bowed a suppliant knee.
A hero's soul beamed from his eye,
And the strength that nerved his spirit high,
Was the stern resolve to win or die
For freedom's holy right.
His country's need unsheathed his sword,
Her burning wrongs his spirit stirred,
To her he pledged a patriot's word,
To quell oppression's might.

Then next came one who fought for fame,
That fair and dazzling light—
He grasped his sword to win a name,
And not his country's right.
His was a lofty brow and air,
Undimmed by aught of wo or care,
And well amid his raven hair,
The laurel wreath might twine.
But O, it is a doubtful strife,
With pain, and blood, and anguish rife,
And frailer than his own frail life,
Is fame's bright gilded shrine.

Then came a figure dark and stern,
And in his dreaded gaze,
That deep and deadly fire might burn,
Which withers by its blaze.
And dark revenge had lit that fire,
And deadly hate had raised his ire,
And e'en the whole surrounding air
Seemed tainted by his breath.
Onward he speeds with arm to slay,
And wo to him who stops his way,
He springs like lion on his prey,
His aim, the same—'tis Death!

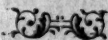
Another form now met my eye,
With reckless step and air;
Onward he moved, he asked not why,
Onward he cared not where.
His was a dark and gloomy mood,
So that on fields of death he stood,
And dipped his hands in human blood,
He cared for nothing more.
Passion had ruled within his mind,
Even like a raging storm or wind,
Which leaves a shattered wreck behind,
Then darkness closes o'er.

Onward they passed before my view,
With motives—O how wide,
The great, the good, the vicious too,
Like brothers side by side.
The patriot, with commanding air,
Ambition, with his eye of fire,
Revenge, with his dark, hateful ire,
Passed by with martial tread.
Despair in his dark, gloomy mood;
The reckless ruffian, grimly stood,
The dark, the wretched man of blood,
Who triumphed o'er the dead!

Then rose a voice, so deep and stern,
It thrilled through every vein,
It bade the sturdy warrior turn,
The horseman check his rein,
'Death's banner waves above you now,
Your fate like leaves upon the bough,
The next light breeze may lay you low
Upon the field of death.

Quench in your hearts all foolish pride,
Let deadly hate be set aside,
And in the faith of Him who died,
Prepare to yield your breath!

Charlestown, Mass.



SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Original.

If there were nothing else to prove the fact that we are social beings by nature, the great regard to character, the desire of fame, or, at least, the wish to be respected by our fellow-men, the restiveness which we feel under reproachful imputations, would be sufficient to establish it.

That this regard to character has been carried to extremes, will not be denied by many of my readers. It is a little singular that while men deem it necessary to shoot one another for the merest trifles lest their reputation should be tarnished with what they call dishonor, they extol and boast of their self-dependence! Methinks that they call upon us to charge our credulity with a burthen which belongs not to it, when they ask us to regard them as men of independent minds, at the same time that they are driven to murder a brother for the slightest insult, for fear of what the world might say, did they visit the offence with less severity. It is natural to desire the good opinion of the virtuous, but the praise of the wicked should not be coveted. The slave of slaves is that man who fears the censure of the unjust and the foolish.

Few persons seem to entertain a just idea of true self-dependence. They will assert their natural and inherent rights against the claims of tyrants, they will fight for liberty, and this they call independence. But here we find they are not wholly unmindful of the praise of men—since they are extolled as heroes and patriots, while a contrary course would stamp them on the record of history as cowards and abject slaves.

It has long been my opinion that there is no true independence where man looks earthward for his reward. Many persons who profess to care nothing for the opinions of the world, would make no such profession if there were not somebody to notice, and to say, How independent he

is ! Many men have taken pride in exhibiting their misanthropy, who would never have made such exhibition had there not been somebody to whom they could exhibit it.

We are in so many respects dependent on each other while living in society, that we may conclude that that man is a pretender who professes to have no regard for his fellow-creatures, and to care nothing for their good or evil opinion.

We may doubt that man's independence who professes to care nothing for his fellow-men, because he avows his opposition to the will of God. A sentient must have something on which to rest his mind ; and if the world and its opinions, its friendships and its sympathies, are nothing to him, he must repose on that sustaining arm which has supported all who have been forsaken or persecuted for the truth's sake. But if he hates or despises his brethren, he is in the bond of bitterness, and has, therefore, no claim on that inward peace which is superior to worldly happiness. How, then, can he be independent of the world, seeing that he has nothing else on which to depend ?

Self-dependence, therefore, when viewed in opposition to dependence upon the favor of the world, is neither more nor less than a reliance on the promises of the Creator, and an enjoyment of that inward peace which is the result of virtuous actions. When Jesus refused to eat of the food which his disciples took, he did not say, I want no bread—I can live without it. But he said 'I have bread to eat that ye know not of.'

The mind must have something to feed upon. I am firmly persuaded that a man may be happy though forsaken by all the world. Noah and Lot, and other righteous men, who lived when the world around them was enveloped in sin and darkness, no doubt enjoyed more happiness than the most prosperous men of their time. In so far as the sympathy of the world was concerned they were alone. In the view of men they were self-dependent ; but they had that bread to eat which the world knew not of.

From what I have said, it will be seen that there is no independence but in well-doing. All other boasted self-dependence is unreal—the offspring of vanity and conceit. How important, then, that we lay up our treasure where the moth doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. How necessary to our happiness that we have a haven to which we can flee when our names are cast out as a reproach among men.

Then, indeed, may we deem ourselves independent of human sympathy, when we have in our own bosoms a witness that we are acceptable in the sight of Heaven. We can afford to spare the friendship of the wicked and the love of the worldly minded while we feel that God is our Father and Friend.



THE TRUE VINE. NO. II.

Original.

'I am the true vine.' JOHN XV. 1.

IN a former number, notice was taken of the occasion of the above saying of our Lord. It was shown that the vine was one of the most lovely objects in the whole vegetable kingdom, and that Jesus drew the most striking emblems from the natural world to set forth and illustrate the beauty and freshness of the truths which he brought from heaven.

Yet it was shown that possibly Jesus might have had his eye on an artificial vine placed over the porch of the temple. It was curiously wrought and splendid, and was considered as a symbol of the peculiar, proximate, and joyful relation in which God stood to Israel. The patriotic Jews as they looked at it, thought with joy and pride of the high dignity and pre-eminence of their people. That was gorgeous and magnificent, but yielded no living fruit. That would soon perish amidst the crumbling ruins of the temple. But Jesus was 'the true vine.' That had only the art and devices of man to sustain it ; but 'the true vine' had God for its support, and therefore could not be destroyed.

Undoubtedly we are to understand by the vine, the doctrine which Jesus brought from heaven. Here then, at once, living clusters of the richest fruit present themselves and we enter, as it were, a choice vineyard, where we know not, from the plentifulness around us, where to pluck the first fruit. Love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness, hope, life and immortality all grow upon 'the true vine.' 'Let not your heart be troubled,' said the meek and lowly Son of God, 'ye believe in God ; believe also in me.' 'I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come to you.' 'Peace I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you, * * * ' 'As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you ; continue ye in my love.' 'These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that

your joy might be full.' We have transcribed these few sayings as a slight specimen of the rich fruit that grows upon 'the true vine.'

We may add that it is perennial, and yields abundantly. We may find fruit at all seasons. Like 'the tree of life,' it 'yields every month, and the leaves are for the healing of the nations.' In the midst of the leafless trees, the decaying plants and the fading rose, this vine may be seen in all its permanency and beauty, as fresh and as fragrant as when first planted by the Great Husbandman. This vine was never known to fail. Age after age the afflicted and the weary have plucked from its branches, and been refreshed. Indeed it is one of the chief glories of 'the true vine,' that the more frequently we take its fruit, the more abundantly does it yield. Like some of nature's plants, it enjoys perpetual verdure, and will grow in all climes. Let us, then, sit beneath its spreading branches, and pluck the living fruit, till we all meet in the great vineyard above in the presence of the Husbandman, to enjoy its beauty and fragrance forever.

The Husbandman of this vine will be considered in our next number.

c. s.



SYMPATHY FOR DISTRESS.

Original.

IN reading the life of Lord Byron, I have been struck with the circumstance that his personal misfortunes attracted a great deal of notice throughout the civilized world, and that great sympathy was excited on his behalf. My own private opinion is, that Byron suffered much wrong, and, in common with the rest of the world, I am a warm admirer of his genius. That he deserved the sympathy of mankind, I entertain not a doubt. But why our sympathy should be wholly expended upon him to the exclusion of less conspicuous individuals I could never understand. He was an illustrious poet, and we ought to admire him. He endured sorrow, and we should commiserate his woes; but there are men and women who are not illustrious who are baptized in sorrow, and they have no less claim on our sympathy because they are unable to amuse or entertain us; and, much less, to chant their griefs in immortal strains. Byron had his share of domestic afflictions; but he was not alone in this. He had his resources of comfort as well as other men; and, no doubt, he drowned his

sorrows, frequently in the halls of pleasure. But Byron, as well as other writers, knew how to cast around his own personal griefs the rainbow veil of interest. He knew how to assume feelings to which he was a stranger, and to make his sentiments appear more refined on paper than they did in actual life. This is a trick of genius, and reminds us of the client, who, after listening to the details of his lawyer, burst into tears, saying, 'I never knew that I had suffered half so much until now.' The lawyer had painted the injuries received by his client in such affecting terms, that the latter could no longer withhold his tears. No doubt that many wept over the sufferings of Byron as related by himself, who would not have been moved had they been eye-witnesses of the reality. However ingeniously a man of genius may represent his own sorrows, we are forced to believe they would have been quite as acute had nothing been said about them. But the world is not content with admiring the genius of the sufferer. His claims on the compassion of the community are considered paramount to those of the obscure individual who has few resources to which he can flee for consolation—who has no friends and no hope. Who melts into tears at sight of yon poor widow, whose feeble hands scarcely supply her with needful bread—who has lost her children by death, and who will go down unmourned to the grave! No hand will be near to close her eyes when she yields up her breath in solitary wretchedness—the last of her race!

Behold yon mud-walled cottage on the moor. The bleak winds bellow around the broken door, the storm beats upon its leaky room unsheltered even by a withered branch. Yet within that humble den of misery a hapless and forsaken pair are bringing up a family of unhappy children whose slight vestment scarcely suffices to shield them from the cold, whose bare feet are reddened by the frost, and whose plaintive cries for bread almost drive their impoverished parents to madness. Yet who will turn from the contemplation of such hopeless misery to pity the misfortunes of a man who revels in luxury, and whose woes have scarcely an existence but in the shadows of a sombre imagination. It is to be feared that the world is more prone to pity those who need it least, and who will not urge a claim upon their purses.

Look again at that impoverished widow following the staff of her existence, her only son, to the grave. She is left alone in her old age. She

has seen one laid in his grave who would have perished sooner than that misery should come near her door. She has no protector now. She is alone in the wide world, and no shield is left to guard her head against the rude tempest that threatens her old age with remediless woe!

Such are the miseries which call aloud for our sympathies. The poor, the hopeless, the forsaken—those who pine alone without a friend to support their aching heads—these are they for whom we should mourn, with whom we should mingle the tear of sympathy. But the gay world flies from real distress to sigh over imaginary griefs dressed up with all the splendor and magnificence of illustrious woe. Let us desert such objects of benevolence for awhile, and seek out the chill abode of the widow and the fatherless.



BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

Original.

In the epistle to the Galatians we read, Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. There seems, at first sight, to be an opposition existing between this passage and the fifth verse, which reads, 'for every man shall bear his own burden;' and the query naturally and immediately arises, If every man shall bear his own burden, what is the use of exhorting each to bear the other's burden? There is a mystery here, if not a contradiction. But this mystery is cleared up by carefully noticing the immediate connection of the two precepts, when it will be perceived that they severally relate to different subjects, and are equally eloquent and impressive in their moral bearings.

The apostle opens the chapter by an exhortation to gentleness and kindness to the brother that may have erred from the true path of duty, thus,—'Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.' Here mildness toward the offending brother is recommended, and those of the unoffending brotherhood are exhorted to consider themselves—the passions, propensities, and infirmities of temper, that are within themselves, lest they be also tempted in like manner, and fall from their spirituality; and then comes the words, 'Bear ye,' &c. The sense of which is plain; that as we consider ourselves, we shall discover many infirmities of temper, 'wandering desires, and passions and feelings that

need restraint, we should remember others are of like passions as we are, and bear their burdens, or do all we can to assist them in curbing and quelling those infirmities which cause them to be overtaken in a fault. Such infirmities are indeed burdens—they weigh down the spirit, and retard our progress toward the excellence of our Master's character.

The other seemingly opposite precept, refers to another subject, to the result to individuals of striving or not striving to perform duty. Immediately succeeding the last passage we read, 'For if a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another; for every man shall bear his own burden.' Here we perceive a caution against extreme self-trust, and undue confidence in our own strength to resist evil influences that have conquered another, thinking ourselves to be something when we are nothing, when we are as liable to yield to temptation as the one to whom we deem ourselves superior. We should prove our own work, examine our own deeds, and if we discover that they are according to the rule of right and not blameworthy, we shall have rejoicing in them; and far better such joy than that which flows from a presumptuous contrast of our virtuous strength with the weakness of another. In this respect we must bear our own burden; none can bear for us the feeling of dissatisfaction and regret we experience when we prove our own work and can have no rejoicing in it, but find that the voice of the judge within, who cannot be bribed or silenced, condemns us as having been overtaken in a fault—yea, having many times erred from the law of gentleness, forbearance and discretion.

The experience of the past testifies to this truth. We know there is such a feeling as dissatisfaction with ourselves; we know that is the burden of guilt, of unfaithfulness; and we also know that no man can bear that burden for us, that no one can take away its weight from the heart, but that it is heavy within.

We find illustrations of this subject aptly given us in the conduct of our Savior to his apostle. Consider the character of Peter, that hasty, confident, eager, affectionate, and yet unfaithful disciple. He had the burden of many infirmities of character, bold and confident now, but soon timid and shrinking from the perils and trials of duty;

yet how kindly did the Savior bear with him, always gentle and faithful, and thus giving him an example to copy, to incline him to future faithfulness. See Peter upon the waters! When he stepped upon the unstable element, so firm was his assurance, it seemed to him firm as the marble pavement of the temple, and he walked confident of security as the strong man on the solid earth. But as he cast his eyes over the waters, and saw the waves rolling upward, and flowing along, his courage failed him; the firm step was no longer his, and he was forced to cry to Jesus in the distance: 'Lord, save me!' Did Jesus leave him thus in distress? No; immediately he stretched forth his hand, and caught him; not leaving him to perish in his indiscretions, but bore his burden in aiding him to recover from the effects of his hastiness.

Jesus was uniformly thus gentle to the impetuous Peter. In his calm and reflective moments, Peter was most ardently attached to the Redeemer; but he was easily overtaken in a fault against duty, because he was a creature of impulse, of excitement, and not always of a calm temper of mind. Jesus knew this; he knew his natural temperament; and though the spirit was ever strongly inclined to perform strictly the duties of affection and devotion, yet the flesh was weak; the spiritual had not always the control, and he was, ere he knew it, overtaken in a fault. How easily he was brought back to a consciousness of his duty, and the affectionateness of his heart, are evident from the touching incident at the hall of judgment—when one melting look from Jesus caught the eye of the unfaithful disciple, and all of the past came back fresh to his mind—all the gentleness of the Savior, all his affectionate caution against his impetuosity of temper, all the vows of attachment to the Master, all the warnings of the dangers he had made that hour, and his heart was overburdened, and the historian says: 'Peter went out, and wept bitterly.' And those bitter tears told him, that though Jesus had indeed been the true friend, yet he must still bear the effects of his unfaithfulness. He thought himself something when he was nothing; he declared, when some left the Master, that though all should leave him, yet he would not; and yet now his work was proved, and he found no rejoicing in it.

Others may bear with our infirmities of temper, our rashness, our intemperate speech, and in their deep affection for our good, may do their

utmost to relieve us of the heavy burden of an impetuous temper, and enable us to guard against the rashness that is productive of no good; yet notwithstanding all this, if still we are the rash and imprudent, if still we permit impulse rather than judgment to influence us, we shall have to bear our own burdens, the effects of our imprudence, and find that they bring upon us a burden which no one can bear for us.

'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' *The law of Christ!* What law is that? It is the law of love! love that suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, that is not puffed up, that doth not behave itself unseemly, that seeketh not its own, that is not easily provoked, that thinketh no evil, that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, that beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and that never faileth. Such a generous, expansive, and perfect love is embraced in the law of Christ; for Christ's law is the law that governed his actions, and what was that but a love free and full towards all. 'Love is the fulfilling of the law,' says the author of the text; and it is so, as without love we are nothing, and there is no duty embraced in the commands of our Exemplar, that does not require love in its performance.

'So fulfill the law of Christ!' How fulfill the law of Christ? By bearing one another's burdens; being co-workers together in the cause of mutual improvement, and aiding each other in the attainment of what belongs to the christian character. The law of Christ, then, is not the rule of life of any, be they attached to whatever sect they may, who do not practise forbearance and compassion, and who are not the aids of social progress.

Haverhill, Mass.



NEW ENGLAND. MY HOME.

Original.

NEW ENGLAND! my country! my home!

I long to behold thee again;—

Thy cliffs breasting out to the foam

Of the wild and tempestuous main:

Thy hills, from whose summits, the fires

Of liberty first threw their light;

Where shoulder to shoulder, my sires

Drove back the usurpers, in fight:

Thy streamlets, whose bright waters leap

Over crag and through cave and through lee,

And through thy green foliage peep,

And curve as they run to the sea:

Thy temples, whose altars arise
On hills, amidst valleys and trees,
Which point their tall roofs to the skies,
O! when shall I see again, these?

Thy homes, where the noble and free,—
Thy homes, where the hardy and brave,
Have sworn, by their God, they will be
Ne'er bound in the chains of the slave.

New England, dear land of my birth!

O! often the cold moon must wane,

Thou brightest and best of the earth,

Before I behold thee again.

D. B. H.

South Carolina, Nov. 1.



ABSENT FRIENDS.

Original.

THERE IS NO time when a sense of dreary loneliness so presses on the heart, as at those periods when we are imperceptibly led to ponder on our distant friends—on those whose names were once as familiar as the star of evening, and whose faces were continually hovering about us. But we may now be in the midst of new friends, acquaintances of yesterday. They may be kind, accomplished, and in every way calculated to please. Still memory lingers around those who are gone—brings back the ancient smile, the characteristic adventure, the laughable anecdote, and the momentary quarrel quickly succeeded by reconciliation. The past then appears sacred, and it is only the present which seems fraught with pain, or what is nearly as bad, insipidity.

The shortness and uncertainty of human enjoyments are then brought home to us, and we are ready to come to a resolution never to set our affections upon any thing earthly, since temporal happiness flies so swiftly away, and leaves nothing but the shadows of regret to mark its footsteps, and darken the path in which it has trodden.

Yet there is a mournful pleasure in bringing to mind those with whom we once smiled and sighed—who tasted with us the bitter and the sweet of existence, but whom circumstances have removed far from us, and whose faces we may possibly see no more, beneath the sun. Some of those with whom we journeyed forward in early life, may have entered upon a course which precludes the idea of farther intimacy between us. Their pursuits may indeed be such as we cannot approve; and hence a coolness may have sprung up between us, which has resulted in total estrangement. Yet even where this is the case, we cannot but remember those days when we

were of one heart and one mind, when the same things pleased us both—when we drank at one fountain, and rejoiced in the same pleasures. Many who were friends in their school-boy days, are now strangers to each other—and although they meet, day after day, yet not so much as a nod of recognition announces the intimacy which once riveted their hearts together as the heart of one man.

But old associations are not so easily forgotten, and when we have retired from the hurry and bustle of the day, we cannot but ponder on former times, and think on the many happy hours which we have passed with those who are now our associates no longer.

But there are others for whom we still entertain the highest esteem, and who would meet us with a smile of joy, could that be accomplished. But they are not near us. We scarcely know their place of abode. In this mutable world, events over which we have no control, may divide the best friends; and while far asunder they may be panting to meet, each one unconscious that he is remembered by the other.

In some distant clime, our friend of other days may, at this moment, be in the act of recounting to some new acquaintance the adventures of his youth; and our name may be frequently mentioned in terms of high commendation, mingled with expressions of warm regard—and this may frequently be the case when in hours of despondency we are imagining that we have no friend in the wide world.

The sundering of the ties of friendship, is one of the most painful trials which we are called upon to endure: yet nothing is of so frequent occurrence. Some depart for distant lands in search of gain—others, in search of health—and for various causes are we separated from the home of our youth, and the path from which we culled flowers in our early days, bears the imprint of our footsteps no more.

But there are some for whose absence we mourn without hope—whom we are confident we shall never meet, except in that world where all things are changed. We may visit the identical spot where they lie, but we see them not. We may listen to the wind which moans around their lowly habitation, but their voice comes not on the breeze. Years shall roll away, and many springs may don their green livery, but the smile that once cheered us, shall cheer us no more. The grove in which they delighted to walk, blooms as it was

wont, and the favorite tree casts as deep a shade as when they sat under its branches ; but they shall seek its covert no more.

It is then that we mourn, as if a part of ourselves had been annihilated, when we visit the graves of those whom we have loved ; and the certain conviction is borne in upon our souls, that no endeavor of ours—no exertion on our part—nay, that not the whole world united, would be able to restore to us the friends who lie mouldering beneath our feet. The mourner then turns to the only hope—the bright promise of immortality beyond the grave.



MORAL DANGER.

Original.

In early youth I was much interested by the thrilling narrative of an old voyager, who had endured many perils both by sea and land. On one occasion, he related the following incident. 'It was in the Atlantic Ocean that we were becalmed. Several of us lowered a boat for the purpose of bathing. We pulled off a little way from the ship, and then prepared to enter the water. I was just about to slide from the boat into the ocean, and my feet had just touched the surface, when I saw exactly beneath me the head of a large shark. His mouth was wide open, showing several rows of teeth, and his eyes were watching my approach with great eagerness. Of course I drew back, and did not care to trust myself in such company.'

There was nothing very wonderful in this little anecdote, but I have often been reminded of it since by events which may seem to have no connection with sharks or with maritime affairs.

When I have seen a young man of good prospects, education and character, struck with the outside graces of a beautiful female, who has no regard for the higher and nobler duties of life, whose heart is taken up with trifles, and who imagines that the whole duty of woman consists in making large outlays at the milliner's, or the fancy goods stores—when I see him about to surrender himself into her hands, and become the slave of her heartless vanities, I think of the old sailor about to slide into the jaws of the shark, and if it were not that I dislike to meddle with the affairs of others, should advise him to draw back, before it was too late.

When I see a youth of correct habits, and gifted with a fair share of intellect, gradually

forming an acquaintance with persons who tarry long over the wine cup, suffering himself to be too frequently drawn away from his business, and absenting himself more and more from the company of virtuous and pious friends, I cannot avoid recollecting the open mouth and glaring eyes of the cruel fish which lay beneath the cautious sailor, and would have devoured him in an instant, if he had not, at once, changed his mind, and remained where he was safe.

When I see an amiable young woman, who has everything at home to make her comfortable, and to be thankful for, whose husband regards her with increasing affection, and whose little prattlers are healthy, active, and good-natured—when I see her gradually weaning herself from this happy home and its affectionate inmates, on account of a growing regard for night meetings, to the detriment of her health and the neglect of her family, I think I see the shark triumphing in the approach of his victim, and would fain warn her that the destruction of her peace, and the ruin of those whom she loves, are near at hand.

Frequent indeed are the cases which seem parallel to that of the seaman when about to throw himself into the flood, and too often the sharks of intemperance, extravagance, or fanaticism, swallow up their heedless victims. There are so many ways by which our happiness may be shipwrecked, that it becomes us to pause and consider at every turn in our affairs, always remembering the wholesome advice, 'He that believeth maketh not haste.'



LINES FROM AN ALBUM.

Original.

YOUR request shall be complied with, and I will trace on this fair page a few words, which may be perused when you and I are slumbering beneath the daisied plain.

You say that you scarcely dare to ask me to write, as we are strangers. Yet let us pause a moment and reflect upon the word. Why should you regard one as a stranger, whose sentiments so nearly resemble your own—whose heart is enlivened by the same hopes—whose indignation is aroused by the same enormities—and who looks for salvation by the same Redeemer? Why should those feel themselves to be strangers, for whom Heaven has bestowed the same blessings—for whom the same trees blossom, the same rivulets murmur, the same groves cast their shade,

and the same fields are covered with glory? I rejoice in the same sun which warms you, and the zephyr which bathes your heated brow, also fans my own veins. The sweet chant of the plumed songsters enlivens us both, and the morning star sheds his lustre upon your slumbers as well as mine. Jesus was equally our friend, and we are members of one family, for the Lord Almighty is our common Father. Say not then, that we are strangers, for we have one hope, and in a few short years, will meet together on that golden shore, where nothing can offend, and the song of praise will be one from the hearts of the great family of mankind.

What though no formal ceremony of introduction has passed between us? Still we are not strangers, for all that is beautiful and grand in nature, is our medium of introduction. What if our very names may be almost unknown to each other? Our hearts are no strangers, and we have a friendship without names or formalities—we are linked by the heavens and the earth—by the sun and the stars—by tree and river—by flower and leaf—by the roar of the flood and the voice of the thunder—by cloud and sunshine—by the music of the wood and the voice of the storm; and by the bright promises of the gospel, which insures our re-union after all these things have passed away.

Then call me not a stranger, I beseech you. May you, as often as your eye dwells upon these lines, attribute them to one who glories in the appellation of brother to all mankind—who regards no one as a stranger whom Jesus loved, and whose regard for you is more lasting than the pillars of the earth, and dates its rise on the page of eternity.



EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

Original.

AMID all the professed religious and moral instruction, there is very little education of the heart. How do the teachers of the school undertake to cultivate the affections? They inform us that unless we love God, we shall go into a place that burns with fire and brimstone, there to suffer forever and ever. This is a singular method to incite the heart to love.

We read of 'the glorious freedom' of the children of truth. But what sort of freedom is here? Certainly their affections are not left free. Nei-

ther is any inducement held out to them calculated to inspire love in their bosoms. What should we think of that parent who complained that a son did not exhibit toward him that affectionate regard which he had a right to expect, and who should keep a cudgel suspended over his head, with a continual threat of applying it, unless he made haste and loved him tenderly.

Would not such conduct inspire disgust and abhorrence rather than love? Every attempt to control the affections by violent means, must repel confidence. The scripture says that we should love God—why? *Because* he first loved us. Here is the cause and here is the legitimate effect. Can we wonder that there has been so much sour devotion, so much persecution, and so much bigotry when the nature of the heart has not been taken into the account—when men have planted poisonous weeds with the view that wholesome fruit should spring from such seeds? If we mean to improve the heart—to elicit the amiable feelings, we must administer proper instruction. There is no reason that the heart should be in love with cruelty, injustice, and oppression. It is contrary to the nature of God's image that it should love what is, in its very essence, unlovely. When the understanding is enlightened with respect to proper objects of regard, it naturally loves those objects—but it will not be compelled to admire and to love by the fear of punishment.

The monstrous doctrines of partial grace have been received by many who have tried to believe them—the consequence has been that they have labored to love what is repugnant to all our feelings. They have, in some measure, succeeded in admiring the darkest qualities that could be attributed to the Supreme Being. In consequence, they have become cruel, harsh, revengeful, and fond of inflicting pain. Hence the woful persecutions with which the professed christian church has been disgraced.

Yet it is encouraging to see that amid so much darkness, the native goodness of the human heart has shot forth a few benignant rays. When people were burned to death for their heresies, the most unwearied exertions were previously used to convince them of their supposed errors; and the tortures of the body were intended for the good of their souls. Erroneous as such views were, it still exhibits the struggle of the benevolent principle with the intolerant spirit of bigotry. The persecutors were unwilling even to acknowl-

edge to themselves that their deeds were made up of unmixed cruelty.

But we have reason to hope that those errors are fleeing away—that the dawn of a brighter day has commenced ; and that men begin to be persuaded that the education of the heart is best accomplished by leaving its affections untrammelled and free—and then by presenting it with such objects as are worthy to draw forth its exhaustless stores of love and gratitude. Love, like the bee, will be attracted by the sweetest flower ; and the Creator can be sincerely loved only by those who are persuaded of his incomparable goodness.



CONDITION OF MAN.

Original.

It would appear that some men were too proud to be religious. They speak of piety as an exercise of the mind suitable for none but weak women and children. Hence they despise those men who humble themselves before the throne of the Almighty—and regard them as destitute of manly independence and ambition. It is evident that such men mistake pride for greatness of soul—than which no two qualities are more at variance. Pride is an inordinate estimate of ourselves, while greatness of soul is actual worth. The former always esteems itself—the latter is more generally esteemed by judicious observers.

While on this subject we will mention that the firmest and bravest men—the sternest warriors—have been quite as frequently disposed to acknowledge humbly their dependence upon the Supreme Being, as any other class of individuals. Religious feeling is, therefore, no mark of imbecility or fearfulness of mind. On the other hand, many very timid and irresolute persons, have been the most confirmed and inveterate opponents of the christian religion. But how repugnant is that sort of pride which rejects religion to sound reason ! What is man, and what is his condition, that he should feel superior to a humble dependence on the Creator. He is not even master of his own understanding. A visitation of sickness may destroy that very reason which he exalts in opposition to the gospel. He holds his existence but at the will of a higher power. But yesterday and he was not formed—to-morrow he departs, and the winds do not so much as moan at his dissolution. He knows himself to be a finite being, of very limited knowledge, and still he refuses to

draw wisdom from the fountain of revelation—scorns to learn from Infinite Wisdom.

If it is reasonable for the cisterns to be replenished by water from the clouds, it must be so for the finite wisdom of man to receive the replenishing aid of Heaven. If it be consonant with truth and with nature, for the tender flower to bloom and grow behind the large rock which shelters it from the bleak winds of the East, it is no less so for the weak creature of a day to seek protection from the powerful arm of Jehovah, and receive with thankfulness his promises of salvation. Even this principle is acknowledged by the very men who are too proud to acknowledge their dependence and humble hope in God. What one of them, if assailed by lawless men, does not seek protection of the law ? Is it more humiliating to seek protection from the Creator of heaven and earth, than to look for it at the hands of your equals—your fellow men ?

Again—do we not hear these men of pride boast of their patriotism, their attachment and devotion to the institutions of their country. What is there in the institutions of any country, that they should compare with the ordinances and the blessings of which God is the Father ? What are the laws of a Solon or a Lycurgus, when compared with the laws of God ?

Nay—are not these men frequently the slaves of their own passions and appetites ? Yet these boasted independent freemen consider it disgraceful and mean to be the children of a Being whose reign is forever and ever—and whose throne is spanned only by the arches of eternity ! Nay, a Being in whom every perfection has met, and in whom is centred the wisdom of infinity.

Strange, indeed, that man who yields to so many finite causes—who bows to so many inferior deities, should steel his heart against the all-wise Being who brought him into existence, and to whom he is indebted for the very breath of his nostrils.

In our opinion, a dependance upon the Supreme Being—a firm faith in his fatherly character, and a desire to be like unto him, constitutes the highest dignity of a rational being ; and when a man despises religion, he despises the only foundation stone upon which excellence of character can be reared. We do not mean to say, that an observance of mere forms—that a monkish attention to stated observances, and mumbling a sort of prayer, will elevate or dignify the human character ; but we do say that the character of God, as set

forth in the gospel and his works, when properly understood and admired, will do more to render making man great, and wise, and good, than all the heathenish knowledge which belongs to the schools of the philosophers.



CHRISTMAS.

Original.

God is Father ! Praise be given !
 Let us shout the loud Amen !
 He is ours, the God of heaven !
 King of worlds, and Lord of men.
 Bring the sweetest choral song,
 Bring the heart baptized in love,
 Praise with grateful voice and tongue,
 Him in whom we live and move.

Sounds are stealing o'er the plains,
 Sounds unknown to earth before ;
 Lo ! they come from seraph strains,
 They who round the throne adore ;
 Nearer, nearer to our earth
 Comes the music of the skies,
 Angel chorus greets his birth,
 Though he in a manger lies.

What could more the Father show,
 Than the gift of his dear Son ?
 And the truths through him we know,
 And the works which he has done ?
 He hath wrought—and died—and rose—
 Is exalted to the skies ;
 He will triumph o'er his foes,
 Wipe the tears from all our eyes.

Hear him, mourner, and be glad,
 Hear him, sinner, and be wise,
 Hear him lowly, weak and sad,
 His is love that never dies.
 He has marked for us the way
 Through temptation's fearful strife ;
 None to follow should delay,
 For he is the truth and life.
 Haverhill, Mass.

ED.



A FEW ERAS IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

A Tale: Yet not a Fiction.

BY REV. D. J. MANDELL.

Original.

CHAPTER VI.

WE have thus, after accompanying Religion through many hazards, witnessed her triumphal arrival at a place where succor and shelter will be allotted her. And it is well that this city of refuge into which she obtained entrance at last, as described in the last chapter, opened to her its hospitable gates precisely at the juncture it did, or else, perchance, in her weak and defenceless

state, she might have been wholly trodden under foot ; for, notwithstanding they had been so totally defeated, her enemies were still rancorous and inveterate, and thirsted not only to destroy her influence but for her blood. If, however, I should undertake to reason philosophically on the *cause* of Religion's gaining adherents in the surprising manner related in preceding chapters, which but paved the way for her admittance into the gates of Worldly Prosperity, I should say that it was partly owing to the attempts to conquer and destroy her which were made in the Valley of Persecution, and partly to the fact that, in obedience to the dictate of Wisdom, of whom I have spoken before, her followers placed her in *their front*, where she might be seen of all beholding enemies. It was a fact that when they understood whom they were engaged against in such ruthless warfare, the followers of Idolatry, Tradition, and Philosophy, began to feel a spirit of commiseration and sympathy seizing hold of their hearts. Yet this spirit might not have prevented them from executing the diabolical purposes of their masters on her and her followers, had Religion been *hidden* from their view. But when they came to behold her in her calm and heavenly beauty, her smiles were so sweet and her countenance so amiable, that they found it utterly impossible to resist the feelings of commiseration and sympathy which had risen in their hearts. Indeed those feelings soon ripened into the warmest affection for her cause, which resulted as was related in the last chapter.

But to whatever cause we may attribute the victory of Religion, it was certainly greater than any victory recorded in the annals of the world. Never did enemies sustain so severe and decided a defeat as did hers. But this conquest was not without its attendant discomforts and evils. It was not achieved except with the loss of Religion's most serviceable and valuable friends. Being the most active in her defence, they were, of course, exposed the most, and suffered accordingly. So that when Religion entered Worldly Prosperity, she was deprived of some of those trusty followers who had attended her through the severest of her adversity, and finally gave their blood in Persecution's dreary vale as a token of their undying attachment to her fortunes and cause. They will, however, so long as Religion lives, have a monument worthy of their devotion—the hearts of her people will enshrine their memory, and the warmest gratitude they

have to give will be bestowed in remembrance of their deeds.

Perhaps the reader may request some description of the city of Worldly Prosperity, and it may be well enough to give the request a brief notice. The city of Worldly Prosperity is considered the most beautiful of any in the Valley of Human Life, though not, indeed the most populous; if, however, the wishes of the residents of the valley could be satisfied it would not only be the largest, but it would be the only city of which the valley could boast; for there is not a soul who inhabits the valley, even to its remotest parts, who would not like to become an inhabitant of Worldly Prosperity. Many to whom its gates afford no entrance, (for those who reside in it are very choice whom they admit into their company,) gaze with a sigh on the barriers which bar them out, and bemoan what they esteem their hapless lot, while some who have formerly been citizens, but who, on account of certain misfortunes to which those who inhabit the city are subject, have been thought unworthy of a longer residence there, have put an end to their existence without the walls. Foolish people! the valley abounds with means by which they might have rendered existence happy, even happier than it can possibly be made to be in Worldly Prosperity. There are the broad and beautiful fields of Virtue and Industry, on which any one has the privilege of settling, even the most abject of human kind; and they are perfectly easy to till, extremely healthy, have an atmosphere more salubrious than any other part of the valley affords, and yield a crop sufficient to render life comfortable and happy. The Bower of Faith was situate in the immediate vicinity of these delightful fields. To the honor of many residents of the valley, I will say that they highly prize the privilege of being inhabitants of the fields of Virtue and Industry, and by strict attention to their duties are laying a foundation for future happiness in Worldly Prosperity, as well as for a permanent abode there. There are many who reside in that city who have been made worthy of a residence there mainly from the same cause, and who have not forgotten the pleasures they formerly realized in the bright and beautiful fields of Industry and Virtue; but who are accustomed to take a daily exercise therein, and thus recruit their health and invigorate their minds to meet calmly and firmly the cares with which they are necessarily surrounded

in their new situation. It is needless to add that such persons are the most valuable, worthy, and exemplary citizens of which Worldly Prosperity can boast. I would recommend their example for the serious consideration of all the citizens of that place.

But to continue my description of the city. It is situated on the banks of a broad, majestic and shining river called *WEALTH*. This is a river on which there is generally very pleasant voyaging. It has tributaries from almost all parts of the valley, but rises chiefly in the fields of Industry and Virtue of which I have previously spoken, though, indeed, its waters originate in other quarters, as may be perceived from the fact that it has tributaries. But if I should wish to enjoy a sail on this river, I think I should prefer starting from where it rises in the fields of Industry and Virtue. It has always been remarked that those who commence an excursion at this point, always arrive at Worldly Prosperity with the most cheerful and complacent countenances. The fact is, the excursion is attended with the most pleasant scenery, and with more security as well as ease, when commenced where the river has its source in Industry and Virtue; and I should advise all who have already started from any other point to make a new beginning, and retrace their steps to the spot which I have recommended, and start again from thence. It would be much more pleasant for them. When the river *Wealth* has reached the spot occupied by the city of Worldly Prosperity, it makes a sudden turn, and throws the whole body of waters into the city, and just about in the centre thereof forms a large and romantic pond or lake, which is a reservoir sufficiently large to meet all the wants of the citizens. From this it discharges its waters by several outlets, called *Negligence*, *Dissipation*, *Extravagance*, *Wastefulness*, *Misfortune* and *Benevolence*. Here permit me to observe that it is by these routes that those of its citizens who leave Worldly Prosperity, forsake it. A vast number find conveniences of egress by *Dissipation*, many by *Extravagance*, quite as many by *Wastefulness*; a numerous body unwilling to avail themselves of any of the other outlets, are obliged to go by way of *Misfortune*, while very few, comparatively, go out by way of *Benevolence*. These conveniences for leaving the city are set apart for different classes of the citizens; and it is rarely that a person of that class for whose convenience *Be-*

nevolence is allotted, leaves the city by any of the other avenues. Each class is partial to its own way. It is astonishing, however, to look at the multitudes which leave Worldly Prosperity by the ways thus provided; and still more astonishing to witness the different aspect which is marked in the features of the different classes.

Those that leave the city by way of *Negligence* float along with the current, with a careless and indolent air; those who leave by *Dissipation* assume a reckless, intemperate and ruin-daring demeanor; those who go out by *Extravagance* endeavor to lift their heads and assume a degree of *hauteur* and an affectation of riches and power; those who leave by the way of *Misfortune* have, as a general thing, looks betokening melancholy and a heart forlorn with grief, though, in the countenances of some, there is only a tinge of sadness; while those who go out by *Benevolence* have smiling though sedate countenances, as though they were dwelling on some pleasing reflection.

It is by these various outlets that the river WEALTH finally wastes itself. Nor does it empty itself into the ocean, but it loses its waters in a miserable yet extensive quagmire, called POVERTY. It is said that the inhabitants of the city are most lamentably ignorant with respect to this last place; and it but becomes them to be more enlightened with respect to it. It will be seen that the streams by which, as I have shown, the citizens of Wordly Prosperity leave it, must needs run directly to this place; though indeed Benevolence runs into Wastefulness before it reaches there. But those who leave the city are either ignorant of this, or are wilfully blind, for they seem to trust themselves to the implicit guidance of the current, and to have no sense of the slough to which it impels them. Hence many by not arresting their progress in time, are hurried onward to the quagmire of Poverty, and are either unable to extricate themselves, and die there, or, after much hazard and toil, flounder out, and strike out some avenue to the river Wealth, across the country by which perhaps, if circumstances favor them, and heaven is propitious, they return again to Worldly Prosperity. Methinks it would be advisable for the citizens of that place to be cautious how they permit these streams to convey them out of the city. Indeed it would be well for them to dispense with risking themselves on any except *Benevolence*, the current of which is gentle compared with others, and which is by

no means dangerous, until it finally unites with Wastefulness. I fear, however, that too many will be heedless of my advice, and will still permit themselves to be whirled headlong upon the quaking bog-shore of Poverty. Better would it be for them, like many of the most respectable citizens, to exercise themselves in the fields of Industry and Virtue, of which a portion are enclosed within the walls of the city, and then, for occasional variety, indulge themselves in an excursion on the stream Benevolence; only let them be careful not to pass the point where that stream forms its junction with Wastefulness.

When a person reaches Worldly Prosperity by the river Wealth, he is privileged to enter the city by one of six gates, according to the way by which they reached the river. Those who started on their excursion from the point where Wealth has its source in the fields of Industry and Virtue, enter by one gate. Those who enter by this gate, are generally men of an upright course of life, who have risen to eminence by their own exertions; they make the most worthy, frugal, and respectable citizens; and it is a remarkable fact, that of this class are those who take the most frequent excursions on the stream Benevolence. There is also a tributary to Wealth, called Talent and Perseverance. Those who reach the river by the means of this tributary, enter Worldly Prosperity by another gate. Among this class are found statesmen, lawyers, doctors, preachers, (mostly those of the popular and wealthy sects) editors, (precious few, though; they are apt to run against *snags*, called *non-paying subscribers*; these shipwreck them;) poets, ('like angels' visits, few and far between,' though). Musicians, (the few of this vocation that reach Worldly Prosperity, sing treble for joy when they get there;) philosophers; (great many of these shipwrecked on the way,) and painters. The class that reach Worldly Prosperity by talent and perseverance, is however not very numerous. I have looked in vain among those that belong to this class for newspaper and periodical contributors, but have not been able to find one. If they reach Wordly Prosperity by any means, it must be in disguise, and in different company. Many who have a gift for newspaper and periodical composition, (independent of *editors* I mean) have lifted sail on Talent and Perseverance, but they never reached Wealth, much less Worldly Prosperity.

There is also a tributary to Wealth, called

Fraud and Exaction. A gate is allotted such as reach Worldly Prosperity from this quarter. Among them are found usurers, hard-hearted and griping landlords, swindlers, and such petty insignificant people as live by depriving other people unlawfully of their property. This class may be feared, but they are never respected, and though perhaps they never indulge themselves in the same manner, it is their sons and daughters who sail most boldly on the streams Negligence, Dissipation, Extravagance, and Wastefulness, and who must frequently find themselves, in consequence of their heedlessness and viciousness, aground on *Poverty*. Another way by which many reach Wealth and consequently Worldly Prosperity, is called *Commerce*. This has also a gate, and among the class who enter by this gate, are many respectable and upright merchants, as well as many, who though merchants, deserve to be distinguished by other adjectives, on account of their want of faith, punctuality and honesty. Another route by which the river Wealth has been reached, and thus led many to Worldly Prosperity, is Ingenuity and Diligence. These enter by another gate; and among them are found honorable and laboring as well as inventive mechanics, those who have been instruments in time past of improving society, multiplying its conveniences, and advancing the arts and sciences. Such are well worthy of a citizenship in Worldly Prosperity. Another avenue by which some have gained the river Wealth, and finally become established in Worldly Prosperity, is War and Conquest. Among those who have entered through the gate allotted to this class, have been usurpers, tyrants, conquerors, and some few pirates perhaps. No very desirable accession, I should suppose, to the society of citizens in the city.

Since Religion entered Worldly Prosperity, in the manner mentioned in the last chapter, (and she, by the way, was introduced by a passageway used expressly by those of Mr. Popularity's family,) many of the valley have found a new road to Wealth, called Hypocrisy, and thus many have entered Worldly Prosperity. This class have also a gate allotted them, but every honest man shuns their company and the gate by which they are allowed to enter the city. There is one remarkable circumstance attending them. They profess to take their journey wholly on Religion's account, to be her friends and followers, but their real object is to enjoy a sail on the river Wealth,

and obtain a citizenship in Worldly Prosperity. Their appearance is remarkable; they have asses' heads, wolves ears, devils hearts, sheepish countenances and garments, and a cloven foot which they cannot hide. I am sorry that there was a gate ever made for the admittance of this class into Worldly Prosperity. Religion would do better without such followers than with them.

From what I have thus said, the reader will be able to form a general estimation of the city of Worldly Prosperity, and of the character of its inhabitants. There are, however, two or three *personages* who are *natural born* citizens, whom I wish to notice; and with a brief description of whom I will close this lengthy chapter.

One is a Mr. Pride, a most haughty gentleman I can assure you, reader. He lacks condescension greatly, and is amazingly lifted up in heart. He is moreover a kind of instructor in the universal branches of gentility. He teaches the dandy how to strut, the fop how to swing his cane; and curl his lip in lofty scorn; the beau whom to seek on whom to show his gallantry, and whom to avoid; the belle how to arrange her curls, how to apply the *rouge*, and on whom to smile. He also gives lessons in architecture, and in the selection of furniture and fashion. He instructs the rich how to bow politely to their superiors, how to affect grace and condescension toward those but little inferior, and how to scorn those whom it is beneath their dignity to notice. This eminent and self-important gentleman, Mr. *Pride*, may now be seen in the drawing-room, now in an ornamental garden, now at a window, now decorating the front of a dwelling-house, or public building, now riding with a consequential air in a superb and aristocratical chariot, and now teaching a lady how to toss her head with a graceful air of lofty disdain, or a gentleman how to assume an unintelligent and askance look, while passing a poor, or disgraced relation. What does the reader think of this Mr. Pride? For my part I think that the citizens could do with less of his attendance and instruction.

Another natural born citizen of Worldly Prosperity, is a Mr. False Friendship. This is a person that has just sense enough to respect the riches of a man but not the man himself. He is a hollow hearted wretch, and makes great pretensions of affection for those who have possessions, while the fact is, his affection is for the possessions themselves. He is constantly surrounding the rich man with a horde of flatterers, who make

it a point of conscience to wheedle him out of this property, and be exceeding profuse of their adulations so long as it lasts. His vices are but frailties—his virtues glories—his deformities beauties—his ill nature eccentricity, so long as he has the means of liberality; but let him but commence his descent adown the hill of adversity, and they seem suddenly enlightened as to his true character, and lend their assistance to spurn him onward with their foot. So goes the world in the city of Worldly Prosperity, where Mr. False Friendship mingles in society. But I presume the reader has heard enough of him, and wishes that city well rid of his company. Alack a-day! So do I!



TO A FRIEND.

Original.

THEY say that time too soon will turn
The raven tress to gray,
Will steal the lustre from the eye,
The roseate tints decay;

It may be so,—but can he steal
Affection's sunny smile?
Chill the warm heart, or lower the brow,
That now our cares beguile?

Believe it not! but cherish thou
The flowers that e'er are given
The pure in heart, and thou shalt taste
On earth the bliss of heaven.

Deem not that thou canst bind too tight
The tenderest ties of earth,
While in thy heart is felt the source
From whence they have their birth.

O cherish pure and holy thoughts,
And friendship in thy heart,
Then checked will be the sighs of grief
When beauty's smiles depart.

Haverhill, Mass.

E.



EDUCATION.

Original.

THE fitness of our religion to accompany the human mind in its progress, has not been considered sufficiently; and as we wish both for the advance of the cause of religious truth and the progress of society, there is great encouragement in this subject. For according to the increase of proper education will be the fitness of society to receive and appreciate the principles of our faith. The more man knows of the mysteries of the human frame, the more will he discern the benevolence and paternal care of his Creator toward him individually; the more intellect is unfolded and

strengthened, the more will it apply reason and judgment to matters of religion—the more will it scorn blind credulity, the weight of great names, and the power of authority, and bring study, patient thought, and calm reflection, to the scriptures; the more man's moral nature is understood, the laws that govern it perceived, the more will virtue be regarded as its proper element, and the life of action seem to be the life of retribution; and the more the religious feelings are cultivated aright, the more will it be acknowledged that the soul cannot venerate that which is not worthy of veneration, nor adore that which is not adorable; and men will leave speculation, and go to the scriptures, and see there, as in nature, the God of love! Therefore education is the grand moving power to help on the true advance of Universalism, and it can never fail of receiving the profoundest attention of those whose prayer for the truth is, that it may have free course and be glorified.

Education should know no limit within the capability of learning. Wherever there are powers to develop and feelings to direct, there is a field for labor—there is work for education. She is to enter every grade of society, and teach the humblest suppliant at the foot of the throne that he has a mind as well as the monarch. She has brought out of the abodes of poverty some of the brightest lights that have burned and blazed before men, to illumine the darkness of the mysteries that encompass their being. She has yet to learn the world, as it has never learned, the fullness of the great truth of the common brotherhood of man; prostrate every altar erected to the unknown God, and write upon the shrines reared in their stead—Our Father who art in heaven! And she will rear up a generation that shall assert the proper dignity of human nature, by high devotion to the pure, the good, and the lovely, sending forth an influence that will reach through ages to the elevation of humanity.

Attention to education has well been defined as 'a duty necessarily resulting from that great natural revolution, which in the course of a few years is to supplant all the present actors on the stage of life by a new race of beings. It is a work to be performed by one generation on that which is to succeed it,—the mind of this age acting on the mind of the next.' Therefore, that that action may be of the character the far sighted philanthropist desires, the mind of this age is to be attended to aright; and every parent or guardian

should look well to individual duty, and consider any self-sacrifice as nought, if it but contribute to the right education of the child. 'Wisdom,' says Solomon, 'is a defence, and money is a defence; but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.' Then give the young the better defence; for as the eloquent Channing has written, 'parents should do all but impoverish themselves to induce the best minds to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good, all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. Here they should be lavish, whilst they straiten themselves in everything else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences, which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy, which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect, impoverishes his heart. Money should be poured out like water, for the child's intellectual and moral life.'

The estimate of the worth of teachers is not by any means high enough in the community. There is no character I would pay more reverence to than the good teacher; the man apt to teach—whose soul is in his work—who loves the human heart and venerates mind—and who feels that there is nothing more precious in the world than those elements which are made to form in the young the intelligent and virtuous character. It has too long and too generally been supposed, that 'a turn for school keeping' makes the school master; and many parents are less solicitous about the ability of the teachers of their children for their work, than they are about their shoemaker, or tailor. There is, I admit, a more just appreciation of the teacher's office obtaining in the community; but men should open their eyes faster; they should inquire more what it is to be a teacher—what various and high qualifications are needed—what must be the trials attending the office, and what is the worth of a good character and powerful mind in their offspring; and then will they magnify the educator's office—then will they discover that no man hath a more important mission, and they will 'do him reverence' as they never have before. Louis Philippe who

now sits on one of the proudest thrones in the world, was once a teacher in this country, and was then more honored with the affections of his pupils than he is now by his subjects; and often the desk of the school house has held more noble beings and more worthy of reverence, than have sat upon a throne and held sway over a vast empire. The good teacher is the embodied love of excellence, and his soul is the home of the holiest desires for human improvement. Parents cultivate too little sympathy with the teacher's work; they manifest too little interest in his labors; they do not familiarize themselves with him as they ought; and they do not seem aware that he should feel that in every house he has a home, and in every heart a friend. Ah! there is yet an eloquence to be given to the name—the educator of my children! which has never struck upon the ear, and there is yet to be prepared for the teacher a very warm place in the affections of the parent. A community is sadly bereaved when a good teacher goes out from amongst them; and they are truly public benefactors who by their munificence bring out the talents of a cultivated mind to the work of education.

ED.

Haverhill, Mass.

DAVID AND AMNON.

Original.

THE apostle, addressing the Romans, says, 'Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning; that we, through patience and comfort of the scriptures, might have hope.' By which he referred to the Old Testament, and the histories of men and characters therein recorded, fruitful with instruction to him that will learn therefrom. On this one account the elder scriptures are of great value, abounding as they do with sketches of biography entertaining and instructive. Among the most prominent is that of David, in whom there was much to admire, while there was something to censure. That he was a true lover of his country, possessing much amiability of character as a king, will be admitted; while we regret that he partook of those passions and infirmities which lead to acts base and cruel, to the utter neglect of the holiest promptings of nature, and the most awful warnings of the Divine Wisdom.

There is in 2 Samuel, xiii. 39, a slight allusion to one period in David's life, fruitful in suggestions that will lead to profitable reflections: 'And

the soul of king David longed to go forth unto Absalom ; for he was comforted concerning Amnon seeing he was dead.' Absalom and Amnon were two sons of king David ; this passage implies that one was afar off, and the other dead ; David longed to go to the one, while concerning the state of the other he was comforted. These facts are of great importance when viewed in connection with the arguments which are often drawn from the Psalms of David, in support of the doctrine of the interminable misery of those who die in their sins. We will show these arguments, and then bring out our application of this scrap of history.

In Psalm ix. 17. 'The wicked shall be cast into hell, and all the nations that forget God.' Again, xi. 5, 6. 'The Lord trieth the righteous ; but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth. Upon the wicked he shall reign snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest ; this shall be the portion of their cup.' Again, lxxiii. 17—21. 'Until I went into the sanctuary of God ; then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places, thou castedst them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation as in a moment ! they are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh ; so, O Lord, when thou awaketh, thou shalt despise their image.' These, with all the passages that speak of the wicked being destroyed, of their way perishing, and of terrible indignation awaiting them, are all used in argument as affording proof of the eternal anger of God against the wicked, and that interminable wretchedness must be their portion. If these passages, or any others in the books existing in David's time, revealed such an awful idea, David must have believed it. None who use these passages quoted from the Psalms, will deny that David believed all they import in reality, and if they are convinced that they teach the undying misery of the wicked, they will admit, nay, contend, that he believed that doctrine.

We will leave this, and go back to the passage quoted. David was comforted concerning Amnon, seeing he was dead. What kind of a character was Amnon ? Taking the prevailing theory concerning David's belief respecting the wicked, and we should be led to believe that Amnon must have been an exemplary character, true to his filial and fraternal duties, and generous in his aid to the happiness of those around him. Concerning such a character David might have com-

fort, or be comforted, seeing he was dead ; for death ended his trials, fears and temptations ; death relieved him of all burdens, sorrows and infirmities ; death bore him from all that deludes, ensnares and corrupts on earth, and death carried him where the weary are at rest.

But was Amnon such a character ? His history emphatically answers, No ! To that history we refer, as recorded in the context of the passage under consideration. Amnon violated the honor of his half-sister, Tamar, the sister of Absalom. Tamar revealed the foul crime to Absalom, and deep anger was awakened in his breast, and he resolved to avenge the wrong. For a long time he was studious not to speak 'good or bad' to Amnon, and awaited the favorable opportunity to accomplish his deadly work. At last Absalom prepared a banquet in the season of sheep-shearing ; he came and invited the king and his sons to attend. 'And the king said to Absalom, Nay, my son, let us not all now go, lest we be chargeable unto thee. And he pressed him ; howbeit he would not go, but blessed him. Then said Absalom, If not, I pray thee let my brother Amnon go with us. And the king said unto him, Why should he go with thee ?' Though two full years had passed since the crime of Amnon, the father seems to have fear of some evil if the two brothers are permitted to come together thus ; but we are told, 'Absalom pressed him, that he let Amnon and all the king's sons go with him.'

This accomplished, Absalom instructed his servants concerning his revengeful plot, assuring them that no harm should come unto them. He bade them attend upon the banquet, and when Amnon was merry with wine, to smite (and kill him. The time came ; the entertainment was prepared, and Amnon was there. The simple recital of the story by the sacred historian, is, 'And the servants of Absalom did unto Amnon as Absalom had commanded.' All the assembly fled ; Absalom sought a retreat in Gesher, with a grandfather, the king thereof. When David heard the lamentable tidings, we are told that he and all his sons and servants wept sore. And we are also told, that the king mourned for his son every day. Absalom dwelt there three years ; 'and the soul of king David longed to go forth unto Absalom ; for he was comforted concerning Amnon, seeing he was dead.' That he should long ardently to seek Absalom, is not strange ; he was his favorite son, of uncommon

beauty and the idol of the court; and all a father's fondness was awakened the more and more strongly toward the exiled son, and he brought him back to his own home.

But how was David comforted concerning Amnon? The simple answer given by the text is, He was comforted concerning Amnon, *seeing he was dead*. Yet that son died suddenly, amid revelry and mirth, while his heart was merry with wine, and had committed the foulest crime, of his sorrow for which we have no account. That he was an infamous character is all that history tells us; and he died suddenly. What, then, could comfort David concerning him, if David believed in the sentiment his writings are quoted to uphold? Did he believe that doctrine, the fact that Amnon *was dead*, in a state of unalterable moral character, was the very cause why he should mourn without hope; for how could he be *comforted concerning him*, seeing he was *dead*? This is worthy of serious consideration by all who regard the Psalmist as favoring the doctrine of the interminable wo of the wicked; and by us as strengthening our confidence that he who sang, 'The Lord is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works,' never gave countenance to an opposite sentiment.

The plain import of the words is, that David was more concerned about Absalom in the land of the living, than for Amnon in the state of the dead; and, therefore, we must believe that David yielded no credence to the doctrine of eternal wo, his writings cannot be appealed to in support of that sentiment, and all arguments in favor of that cruel theory drawn from the Psalms must necessarily be worthless and vain. To stand by the grave of one dear to us who died in iniquity would indeed be a place of agony unutterable, did we receive the common doctrine of the eternal wo of those who die in sin; seeing such an one was dead, would give us no comfort, but from that fact would arise the chief source of our bitter grief; and no friend could be comforted concerning a departed friend, who could not look beyond the grave and hope for the happiness of the dead. This simple passage in the history of David destroys all the arguments that are drawn from his writings in favor of the eternal wo of the sinful; and we are the more constrained by it to rejoice in the truth set forth by the Psalmist, that all the nations whom God hath made, shall come and worship before him and glorify his name.

ED.

RELIGION.

Original.

THERE is a gem—the richest prize
That we, poor mortals, can secure;
'Tis sought for by the good and wise,—
It is religion, mild and pure.
Religion true and undefiled,
Taught by the Savior, sent from God,
Who spake the truth in accents mild,
When he upon the green earth trod.

Ho! ye who are in spirit poor!
Come, listen to his teachings then;
Forsake the bleak and barren moor,
Where ne'er is found the priceless gem;
And seek it in another sphere,—
The path of wisdom straight and plain,
Where peace and joy will be your cheer,
And hope will in your bosom reign.

Go, give the orphan child relief,
And soothe the cares of those who mourn;
Go, wipe away the tears of grief,
And speak of what a Savior's borne;
This done, and ye have found the gem;
This done, and ye have God obeyed;
In truth, ye love your fellow men,
And God, who you for kindness made.

H. C. L.

Haverhill, Mass.



THE POETRY OF WOMAN. NO. III.

BY C. L. E. NEW-HAVEN.

Original.

COUSIN EDITH.

'Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings.'

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

DANTE thyself, or Dante's amanuensis, or Byron in *propria persona*, whoever thou art that speakest, thou hast recorded a truth which lingers like household music in the daily walks of life, sweet, and sad, and ringing like an Alpine echo in the still, deep cells of the heart—too sad to be anything but real, and yet too sweet to create a deep regret. Unwritten poetry! what is it but a feeling too exquisitely beautiful for language? a thought too delicate for words? a faith too high for sound? And how much of its indefinable melody, like Zoroaster's vestment of the soul, is perpetually revolving in the bosoms of the wise and pure!

I have had many friends, heaven's tributary angels they were, and they have passed thither like blended streams of sunlight and music. Like a chain of linked jewels they hang upon the neck of their Redeemer, radiant with the light of his

smiles, and glancing back into his heart the joy they thence absorbed. O, cousin Edith! how could I ever have wildly called thee back to this rough world, when such a rest is thine? How could I, except that I felt it my own fate to linger here, when all, *all* that I fondly loved, had departed forever? * * *

'Edith has come home!' cried little Edwin, suddenly flinging open the door of my apartment and thrusting in his curly head; 'Edith has come, but,' modulating his voice to a faint whisper, 'she's very, very pale. Do come, and tell her about Louis, and make her blush as you used to!'

'Edith come! has Edith come! God bless you for the news! Yes, certainly; wait a moment—I'll accompany you. Dear Edith! I must, indeed, bring back the hue to her cheek—but not by talking of Louis. Here is my bonnet—I am ready, Edwin.'

Hand in hand, little coz and I crossed the central square in front of the beautiful state-house and old Yale, passed hastily down in the shade of the verdant elms, and entered uncle's courtyard just as the sunset rays were stealing their last smile from the fragrant rose-beds that bordered the *pave* on either hand at our entrance. Aunt met us at the door. 'Clemence, our Edith has come, with a smile on her lips; but it is like the ray on yonder rose—the sweetest and the *last*! Oh, such a change for a mother to witness!'

'Dear aunt, don't speak so discouragingly. I have come to be her physician—let me, at least, have the good medicine of hope. Where shall I find her? I am impatient.'

She led me through the hall, to a small apartment that looked out upon the bay—the favorite retreat of Louis and Edith in former days. A thousand reminiscences of those happy hours swept over my mind in a moment; but, ere I had time to be overpowered by them, the door was swung open, and Edith met my view. She was reclining upon a sofa, in the shadow of a soft blue curtain, whose reflection purified the hue of her countenance to a moonlight radiance. A beautiful smile rested upon her lips—just such a smile as her mother had described; and her eyes were fixed on heaven. I sprang forward and knelt at her side. She placed one arm around my neck, and pressed my hand again and again. We both wept; but her tears were tranquil as the fall of twilight dew, mine were of

the spirit of the tempest—Heaven only knew their bitterness.

I had been a witness of great sufferings; I had seen the body tortured with agony, and the brain bursting with frenzy; the brow darkened with sadness, and the bosom heaving with groans; but never, never had I seen the beauty of holiness mantling the form of grief with a grace so sweet and placid. It was like moonlight upon the ruins of a Theban temple, where shattered columns conceal the broken altar and the prostrate divinity; and as the mind of the traveller, amid the desolate grandeur of a fallen sanctuary, reverts to the period when the fragrant flames illuminated the glorious fabric, and 'tinkling cymbals' re-echoed among its sculptured arches, so did my mind go back to the days of her love and her bridal, when the earthly tabernacle was illuminated with the light of earthly joy, and the heart had not crumbled away beneath the touch of corroding sorrow.

I might tell you of her beauty; but God never built the temple to be worshiped, and love would bestow too ardent praise. I might delineate her character; but like the painting of a sunbeam, where would be its brightness, its warmth, its spirit of renovation? Nay, Edith, thou shalt tell thine own tale to the world as thou hast told it to me; but through a ruder instrument than thine own sweet voice, for that is stilled forever. Edith's native tongue was poetry—holier, sweeter, more entrancing far, than troubadour ever sang, or Grecian muse hath yet revealed in song or sound, or the more spiritual tone of thought and feeling. Poetry was her native tongue; but like an exiled Vaudois, she found its accents too soft and pure to meet the clash of ruder utterance. To three alone had she ever breathed her feelings in the language that feeling prompted: to God, in prayer and praise; to Louis, and to—Clemence.

I had been much absent in an eastern city during the three previous years, and had never received a correct history of my cousin's wedded life. I, therefore, requested her, on the evening of her return to her native city, to gratify me by a relation of every event that had transpired from the day of her departure. I was urged to this request, not only by my own anxiety to learn the past fate of one so beloved, but by the evident pleasure she derived from every reminiscence of Louis, and of their domestic union. We were alone—still in that apartment of dear asso-

ciations. The moon was up tracking the waters with her golden foot-prints, and laying her holy hands of baptism upon the trees and shrubs that haunted the fontal borders—a baptism of light, not of water. I had been lightly touching the keys of that simple, but sweet little instrument, the accordion; and had, unwittingly, awakened a Sicilian air very dear to Louis. The excitement occasioned by this incident, the holy hour, our solitude and sympathy, the influence of memory and association, all brought their gifts to the aid of her natural eloquence, and with more than her usual beauty of expression she gave me a record of by-gone days. I cannot but grieve at my inability to transcribe more faithfully the exact language of the dear enthusiast, and have also to regret the treachery of a memory that has suffered many of the most beautiful thoughts to escape, like winged angels, to the heaven of their birth. And then the fascinations of voice and manner—how can I describe them.

‘Clemence, your request is too kind. For me to speak of Louis, is like the captive breathing again the free air of his cottage home. Seldom do I speak of him save in my dreams, and—in my prayers; but now we are alone. You know how I loved him, how dear I was to him, how perfectly our hearts and minds were united, and will, for this reason, pardon me if I speak too warmly of one who seemed to me, in purity of character, second only to his Savior. I cannot tell you all, nay, nor half the happy incidents of our first wedded year. We left this city the first day of January, and though New York was filled with scenes of gaiety and festivity, though our “dear five hundred friends” were constantly urging us to unite with them in the public amusements of the season, Louis and I resolutely persevered in our fireside retirement, too happy in our love to pass the threshold of our home for pleasures less refined. You will not marvel that I should find my pleasure there, for the hearth-stone is woman’s Eden; but Lewis—O! Clemence, he knew no joys that did not centre in his love for your poor cousin. Our evening entertainments were wholly literary and religious—for we were not too fashionable to make even religion a daily though not a formal exercise. Music, usually of a sacred character, was our constant delight. Louis read a great deal in the Bible, and we gratified ourselves by tracing the wanderings of the chosen people through ‘the great and terrible desert’ to the land of milk and honey. We had

several series of exquisite engravings of Egypt, Arabia and Palestine, and delightful hours we passed in examining the localities of sacred history—of following our Savior’s steps over the rugged mountains of Judea, along the banks of the sacred Jordan, and through the streets of the holy city; hours and hours, with thrilling reminiscences, we gazed upon the turbulent waters of Galilee, and heard the soft accents of the falling waves as they lulled themselves to rest at the sound of ‘Peace, be still!’ Hours and hours with palpitating hearts, we lingered amid the shades of Gethsemane, upon the brow of Olivet, in the portals of the temple, and longer and more enraptured still on Calvary and the cross! O, Clemence, reverently as I dwelt on those hallowed scenes when Louis was with me to illustrate and describe them, as he only could, God forgive me that I have *lived* in them and *died* in them for his sake since, rather than for the sake of the Son of God—my Redeemer and my Lord!’

Edith paused. She had dwelt rapturously upon the remembrance of those blessed evening hours, and now her thoughts must lead her through a path clouded, and lonely, and void. She laid her hand upon her heart, murmured a few words of fervent prayer and continued.

‘Early in the following spring, I first discovered the germ of that disease which eventuated in his death. Not for several succeeding months, however, did any alarming change occur, and there was a pleasure in nursing and cherishing him, that amply compensated me for any fears I had yet experienced. I have no doubt but many cruel pains were torturing him, tenderly concealed from even the keen vigil of love—for Louis was one to smile upon a rack to spare the pang from another’s heart, particularly mine. But the secret could not be always concealed. Physicians shook their heads, while Louis—O, Louis! why? why?—Louis laughed, and protested, and denied; ay, even for weeks, cheated me into the faith that it was merely a trifling bilious complaint, which diet, and exercise, and country air would soon entirely remove. We removed to the pure atmosphere of the Highlands, and he did seem, for a short season, recruiting. The illusion soon vanished. He could no longer keep secret the extreme danger of his condition. We returned to the city; physicians were again consulted, and the only hope held out to him was a sea-voyage, and a warmer cli-

mate. "You must leave me then, Louis!" I exclaimed, in a tone of utter despair.

"Not in life," he replied, with a faint smile.

"O, yes! for my sake, for the sake of all you love, for all you hope, go—go, beloved, go where your heart leads you, where—"

"My heart leads me here," he exclaimed, folding me in his arms, "here alone!"

"But here you cannot stay—and, O Louis, what are the short partings of distance compared to those of death and the grave? You *will* go—I know you will go for my sake, for the sake"—I said no more, but my tears persuaded him, and he yielded.

'From the first moment that a sea voyage was recommended, I knew where the strongest affections of his soul would urge him. Where should it be but to the Holy Land where his Savior's foot prints lingered? to Palestine, the hallowed country of his Master's birth? Oh! how I longed to go with him—to stand with him on Zion, on Calvary, on every spot where Jesus had trod, and if so willed by heaven, lay down a weary frame with his, beneath the soil watered by Immanuel's blood! This was impossible, and knowing how timidly he would shrink from any project bringing grief and privation to me, I forebore one murmur of regret, and continued to urge him incessantly to the undertaking. An intimate friend of his was upon the point of starting on a mission to Greece, and generously offered to accompany him throughout his tour—to guard him as though he were his brother, and if sickness assailed him violently in a foreign land, to leave him only in his grave. Oh Clemence! ask me not to describe our parting,—my long hours of agony and loneliness,—my fears, anxieties, and discouragements. I continued my residence in the city, both for the sake of his widowed mother, and my own desire to receive the earliest information of his welfare. Early in the spring the darling hope of my lonely hours was realized. My babe—my beautiful Louis was given to my embrace,—the living miniature of the absent one—a being for me to twine my abundant love upon, as the moss clings to the bud of a fragrant rose. About this time I received my first letter from my husband. He was entering the Mediterranean, in good spirits, high hopes, and renovated health. The voyage had been unusually prosperous, every day he grew stronger, and Palestine was in his heart, not only as the land of his devotional love, but as the termination of a voyage, soon to be followed by the

thrilling motto: 'Homeward bound!' He expressed a tender anxiety for me, but confided me with fervent faith to the care of my better Protector in heaven. He spoke in the warmest terms of the zealous affection and kindness of his missionary friend, from whom he enclosed a confirmation of his own details, respecting his health and happiness. For many weeks I read nothing but Louis' letter—indeed, long after every word was familiar to my heart and memory, I continued to gaze upon the pages as the Urim and Thummim of my earthly happiness. Oh Clemence, I loved too well, and God has shown me my weakness. My baby continued in health and grew—Oh surpassingly beautiful! Day unto day I gazed upon its little face, thinking of nothing but the blush-rose and the woodland violet—the fringed orchis and the stars of heaven. His voice was to me like the murmur of a wild-wood fountain, and all the long night when his little cheek lay pressed to mine, I dreamed of resting upon some soft, sweet mound of flexile moss, while his gentle breath mingled with this the fantasy of waving leaves stirred by the play of the "sweet south west." Like the mist of the morning devoured by the sunbeams that gave it beauty, so passed my happiness away in the intensity of my love. I had not dreamed my little babe could die; I could not dream it—I would not! But the cup was given me, and *I drank it!* I held him in my arms, and saw the spirit's light go out. How dark it left me! I heard the soft flutter of the angel's wings as he came down to receive the parting soul, and when he fled upward their deep shadows fell upon my heart blacker than a midnight cloud. O, where then did the Star of Bethlehem hide its beams? I saw, I felt them not; I only heard a voice, saying, "Come with me, my little son!" I knew the voice—I knew then that my husband was dead!

Edith was somewhat superstitious. The poetry of her nature led her to the study of the wild and mysterious; and I will confess that *I* was not all destitute of a faith in the *boding voice*. She paused a long time, and I was too intent upon the reflections she had suggested to disturb her. 'You believe, do you not, Clemence,' she inquired at length, raising her eyes earnestly to my face, 'you believe the spirit passes directly to the joys of heaven?' I had had my doubts on this point, and hesitated to reply. A deep shadow fell upon her brow; she grasped my hand fearfully, and looked up into my face with an expres-

sion of keen reproach, that pierced my heart through and through. 'Yes, certainly, Edith, I do! I do!' I replied, with a decision at once full and satisfactory, to myself, as well as Edith; and never since, has mourner uttered the question in my presence, when I have not as decisively and earnestly replied, 'Yes, most certainly!'

Edith seemed cheered by my assurance, and resumed her narrative. 'I did not feel any more certain in my knowledge of my husband's death, when two or three months after, I received the tidings from his fellow traveller, than I did at the very moment my little one expired in my arms. Louis died at Jerusalem, the city of his Savior's crucifixion, on the ninth of May, the day of his Savior's ascension. That same day the bud I cherished with such idolizing fondness, withered on my bosom, and the spirit of its beauty was exhaled to the God who gave it. One little grave lies here, in the beautiful burial-ground of my native city; and all the summer long will it be kept fresh and green by the tears of a mother's love. But, Louis! thy beloved dust is mingling with the soil consecrated by a Savior's tears. Beneath an olive tree on the Mount where Jesus sat and wept over the city of his love, his friend buried him alone;—no monument tells where he lies—no stone points out his grave. The cemeteries of the Turk, the Jew, and the Catholic, are around him, but his is a Protestant grave, solitary, holy, and unknown. Oh sinful, faithless heart! why art thou still clinging to the mouldering dust—to the mountain-sod of Olivet, when the spirit to which thy love hath bound thee, rests in the gardens of paradise on high? Palestine, Jerusalem, Olivet! my thoughts are continually with you—when, when will they rise to heaven? Oh Clemence! pardon me. It is not good for me to linger upon memories like these. Talk to me of the high and holy land of God where the spirits of my departed loves await my coming. Not long will I delay, yet patiently, till my Father calleth. And as the first sound of an Alpine torrent to the home bound exile of the mountain land, so to my weary spirit will flow the sweet melody of the angel's call. Yet I am not all selfish. I would even submit to live for my poor mother's sake—for father, for you, Clemence; but life now hangs by a frail thread, and I have no power to secure it by new ties. You will all come to me shortly; meanwhile I will weave for you the crowns of rejoicing—the unfading garlands of immortal bliss!'

Edith remained silent, exhausted by her long and exciting reminiscences. I could do nothing but weep in anguish of spirit. I had yet to learn the celestial patience of my suffering cousin—still, still must I say, I *have* yet to learn it! We were soon after interrupted by the entrance of the members of the family, and quite unable to compose my feelings, I took my leave for the night, and returned to my boarding house in another part of the city.

It is not necessary that I describe the little remnant of Edith's life. The decay of a broken heart is a trite theme. Few, however, have faded away in a light so full of angelic radiance. Those who have seen the faded rose passing away, leaf by leaf, on the evening breeze, or the sunset cloud melting slowly in the purity of heaven, or the morning star losing itself in the beams of the sun, may fancy the silent and sweet adieu of one of the purest and brightest of the daughters of earth.

New Haven has a beautiful burial ground; but, reader, pass thee by the prouder monuments of the wealthy, (save that thou hast a friend sleeping beneath,) and check thy footsteps beside a plain white slab—a tiny one. Thine eye will meet the simple inscription 'Louis.' On either side of this little grave lies a longer tablet of marble—one, the grave-stone of cousin Edith, shaded by a willow whose branches trail upon the grass;—the other, simply a cenotaph, bearing this inscription: 'To the memory of Louis R. . . . who sleeps on the mount whence his Lord ascended to heaven.'



STANZAS.

Original.

I ASKED my heart, Why gaze we on the dead
With bursting sighs, and tears like rain?
Why bear them to the grave with gloom and dread,
As though we ne'er shall meet again?
O why this doubting of the christian trust,
That bids hope triumph o'er the crumbling dust?

My heart replied, Their tones were sweet to hear,—
Affection breathed in every word;
And from the eyes the soul looked out to cheer,
Ere yet was broke life's silver cord;
That voice is hushed, and close the eyelids fold,
Those smiles are vanished, and the heart is cold.

I told my heart, That soulless form was not
The idol of our fervent love;
For that must perish—'tis the common lot—
While yet the soul will live and move,
Where brighter glories dwell, and God is seen
As by the earthly He ne'er yet hath been.

My heart replied, How blest that hope to me,
 Shedding its brightness on my tears,
 Chasing grief's shadows, as the gloom will flee
 When through storm-clouds the sun appears!
 And as its beams upraise the drooping flower,
 So doth that hope my heart till th' meeting hour.

E. W. S.

Boston, Mass.



BRUTAL AND HUMAN NATURES.

Original.

If reason had not been bestowed upon man, he would have been incapable of sin.

The brute may do a deed that is evil in our eyes, and yet be blameless; for he acts in accordance with his nature, and he has no judgment that he should know when to abstain and when to give loose to his inclinations. The eagle that plucks a young lamb from the flock, knows not that he is guilty of larceny; and the kite who bears off a fowl from the barn-yard, has never heard of the sacred right of property. The fox has no conscientious scruples when he makes a descent upon the farmer's goose-pen, and the knawings of appetite are more effective than gnawings of conscience when the wolf is prowling about the sheep-fold. It is the nature of these animals to feed upon weaker ones. They are created carnivorous; and whether they seize upon the beast that ranges free in the forest, or the herds which man has appropriated to himself, they are alike guiltless of wrong. Whatever instincts and appetites the Creator has given them, are just and proper; and they are no more accountable for their actions, while under the dominion of those appetites and instincts, than is the north wind for the injuries which it may do to human property, while sweeping on its course over the earth.

But the Almighty has also given man certain appetites, passions and tastes. We find that human nature is endued with more of these than are the lower animals. Some men seem to be formed with even more tastes and appetites than others.

Among the lower class of animals, we find only those inclinations and desires which belong to the body. Man possesses not only the earthly desires and feelings, in common with irrational beings, but also tastes and appetites, feelings and passions, of which they can have no conception. Man is therefore capable of more pleasure and more pain than the inferior animals. The brute knows nothing of the apprehension of death. He knows not what death is. Even when the pains

of dissolution are upon him, they are not augmented by a knowledge of what is about to ensue, and a dread of that hereafter which to the mind of man is clad in so much doubt and terror.

When the brute is slain to supply us with food, he struggles as he feels the knife or the axe; but if victuals is placed before him, and his pain is not too great, he eats composedly while the life blood is flowing from his veins.

The brute knows nothing of the interesting relations of family. It is true that the dam is attached to her young just long enough to answer the needful purposes of nourishment and protection; but the memory of their near connection fades away and is lost before many months have passed, and the mother becomes a stranger to her young.

It will be observed that even those feelings and tastes which we possess in common with irrational beings, are effected by our superior nature. However strong the attachment which some animals have for their young, yet on many occasions they treat them with a barbarity which is almost unknown to human nature. The attachment between the sexes seems, in them, wholly devoid of that tenderness—that persevering regard—which enables us to hold sacred the marriage vow, and which renders the object of our regard not only a theme of admiration, but also the subject of our most endearing attentions through life.

Also, with respect to food, there is a wide difference between the appetites of reasonable and brute creatures. The brute will devour what is set before him, regardless of the manner in which it is served up. With us, the manner constitutes a great part of its attractiveness. Under certain circumstances food which would otherwise be eaten with avidity, would be rejected by human beings. The brute could devour his meal with as great a relish in a common sty as in a pleasant and airy hall, with every attending convenience.

It will therefore be seen, that man is raised above the brute, even in those things which he enjoys in common with him.

There are a variety of capacities for enjoyment, and susceptibilities to pain, that are wholly confined to human nature.

The pleasures derived from music are enjoyed only by man. It is said that some brutes are affected by sweet sounds; and it is also true that some animals do, at times, evince a portion of sagacity that bears a striking resemblance to reason. But these things are scarcely worthy to be

regarded as exceptions to the primary laws of the creation. Between a being capable of progressive improvement and one whose powers are fixed and determined, there is so wide a gap that all the sophistry of materialists will never be able to fill it up.

The pleasures of sight also differ materially from those of which the brute is capable. Carry your steed to the top of a high mountain which commands an extensive and romantic view of the surrounding country, and he will see nothing but the herbage which grows on its summit, and will improve the time which you spend in admiring the beauties of nature and art, in cropping the grass which shoots up around him. The piercing eye of the eagle expresses no delight when it rests upon the evergreen pine, and the hawk regards not the lovely plumage of the bird whom he rends to satisfy his hunger. What delight has the young lion in the beauteous motion of the deer, and when did the white bosom of the swan attract the notice of the finned inhabitants of the deep? When did the ape seat himself on a rock and gaze with wonder and delight at the stars, or when did the crocodile feel emotions of sublimity as he contemplated the everlasting silence of the pathless wilderness?

Many are the sources of gratification presented by human vision. There are not only a myriad of scenes in nature, but art has learned to change, vary, and combine them. Even in the choice of our furniture, clothing, and the useful implements of labor, we have a regard to appearance—to the manner in which those various objects strike the eye. The brutes, on the other hand, appear to have no idea of beauty or sublimity in objects. They are cut off from the delight which we receive in surveying a well-executed painting; they choose not their mates on account of any beauty which they discern in form or lineament. The charm of loveliness is wholly lost upon them. On the other hand, they are not subject to the pain which we receive from the contemplation of a disgusting object. The dog, of whose fidelity and strong attachment we have read much, will associate himself with the most depraved, filthy, and unprepossessing persons, and will appear to enjoy their society quite as well as that of the most comely and pleasing individuals. If man enjoys much through the medium of vision, he also suffers much from the same cause. The dreary and desert landscape upon which the marble hand of winter has

been laid—the sight of deformed and diseased vagrants—the stagnant pool, and many other objects which I will not enumerate, oppress the mind and excoriate the memory. From this kind of suffering the brute is wholly free. He is dead to the pains and pleasures derived from seeing.

But let a human being be immured in a dungeon under the earth; let the harmonious sounds of nature and of art be shut out from him; let no murmuring rivulet pass his door, and not even the roar of the tempest find access to his dismal cell. Let no human voice salute his ear, and the diurnal grating of his dungeon door, and the thundering bolts without, form the only music that varies his almost vegetable existence. And let no object greet his sight that can remind him of the happy world without; let nothing but his damp walls, the rags which envelope him, and the loathsome worm that shares with him his wretched allowance of food pass athwart the portals of his vision—still he has sources of enjoyment. The pleasures of the imagination are peculiar to man, of all terrestrial beings. Of these things the inferior animals know nothing. The pleasures and the pains of the imagination go with us through all the vicissitudes of life. Happy is this man whose imagination is purified by virtue; for this attribute of mankind is hard on the confines of heaven, and the fragrant airs of a pure conscience, or the killing blasts of a burthened one, pass over the fields of fancy—and either blight and wither or make green and beautiful the foliage of the imagination. We may well imagine what would be the reflections of a man, when thus left to himself, whose heart was cankered with envy, malice and deceit. From the poisonous springs of such a heart no living and invigorating waters could flow. Continually throwing up mud and dirt from the bottom, his thoughts would be burthensome to himself; his imagination would be diseased, and the visions of fancy would be horrid and fearful. Asks mortal man for his fellow any other hell but this? It is bad enough. 'A wounded conscience who can bear.'

But if, on the other hand, the prisoner possesses a conscience void of offence; if he is at peace with all mankind, though they may not be at peace with him; if he has forgiven his enemies, and can look back on a life devoted to virtue and to goodness, his imagination will be like angel's wings, laden with delight and spangled with gold. What though he is shut out from the

beauties of nature? The dove will ascend from his rude den, and oftener than the coming day, return with the olive branch of peace to heal his sorrows. What though no sweet sounds are permitted to float upon the unwholesome air of his dungeon? There is harmony within his own breast, and the chorus of angels animates his soul.

But whether the imagination be a scourge or a consolation, it is evident that man alone is susceptible of its pleasures and its pains.

We have thus endeavored to show that while the human race are possessed with some dispositions or appetites in common with the beasts that perish, yet that, in man, they assume a more dignified aspect, a nobler character; while there are many sources of pleasure and pain, many gifts, tastes, and desires, to which the inferior races of beings are wholly strangers.

In drawing my comparisons I have said nothing of man's susceptibility of divine impressions, his capacity for that higher order of pleasures of which nature, throughout the whole range of her works, bears no trace, and a knowledge of which is consequently dependant neither upon the schools nor the intellectual attainments of an individual. It is in this peculiar point that the highest dignity of man must be regarded. The wise man and the ignorant meet here as on common ground. In other respects they may be unequal. One man may possess a more lively imagination than another, a more fervid fancy, greater knowledge, talent, or genius; but the path which leads to the highest degree of eminence is broad enough for all, and so strong is the beam of heavenly light which irradiates it, that 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.'

The heavens declare the glory of the Creator, and the earth shows forth his handy work; but in the views of him which we take in contemplating his works, He is regarded by the same rules as those by which we judge of an earthly architect; and here the man of enlarged intellect, of refined feelings, possesses an advantage over the dullard and the feeble-minded. But it is not thus that we arrive at a true and satisfying knowledge of the Creator. 'The grace of God which has appeared unto all men,' teaching them to distinguish between good and evil, and to gain acceptance with him grows not out of the earth, and is not attained by wordly wisdom. No man can declare its generation, or

fix upon the point from which it comes. As 'the wind bloweth where it listeth,' so is the kingdom of heaven. It is not found out by human wisdom, nor found by much searching. It is the free gift of God—and God is no respecter of the wise and the noble, according to the flesh. Unfathomable, unsearchable, and beyond human calculation, the heart that is quickened by grace hath not wherewith to boast—since it is not won by anything that we can do, but is the free gift of God. Man's capacity for receiving this unction from above stamps him an *immortal being*. We may compare this greatest gift of God to man with the instinct of brutes. It is without study or knowledge that the brute is infallibly led, by instinct. The young turtles on the Pacific Isles, when born in the midst of a large island take the shortest direction to the sea-shore, and pursue a straight and direct course. Man, also, has an instinct, but it is not an instinct given him for the supply of his earthly wants. It is a magnet that points from earth to heaven—the only sure and infallible guide—'Christ within, the hope of glory.'

This is the most solemn and interesting view which we can take of the character of man; and, as those appetites which we have in common with the brutes, are purified and ennobled by the intellect of man, so is his intellect, his imagination, his tastes, his higher earthly endowments immeasurably dignified and ennobled by the grace of God which comes down from heaven.

The grace of God is independent of human reason; yet the gift of reason is essential to man in this state of being. It is the opinion of some divines that reason will be swallowed up in light in a future state of being—that the soul will receive knowledge intuitively, and be no longer compelled to arrive at conclusions by means of comparison and deduction.

While we remain here reason is our guide in worldly matters. We have not the instinct of brutes. We are not under the despotic control of our earthly natures, but may control our passions, direct our fancies and govern our thoughts. We possess greater, higher, stronger, and more lofty desires, feelings and tempers than the irrational animals, and if we had not reason to curb them they would overpower us. We have sympathies, imaginations and feelings, that belong to immortal beings. Were we wholly under their dominion, our frail bodies would perish immediately. The cold voice of reason must be

heard—we must bind our celestial nature as with a chain, or earth could not contain our throes. We shall have no occasion for this fetter when the earth has taken back its own, and the disen-thralled spirit stretches its wings for the skies.

As we possess this power over our inclinations, our appetites and our desires, we are free to act either for good or evil. In this particular we differ widely from the beast of the field. This freedom is a blessing, and a mark of our superiority. We are not like the sea which has its bounds; the river which has its banks; the tree which dons its foliage in its season, or the brute who cannot violate the fixed laws of his nature. But should we have that freedom if we were wholly earthly? we think but one answer can be given. Reason is uncertain and may lead astray. The instinct of beasts is a sure guide, but subserves none but sensual purposes. The intuitive knowledge of superior intelligences is also certain, and they err not. But human reason is imperfect. It is the celestial united to the bestial or earthly nature—it is the struggle of spirit with matter; and can never elevate the mind to the enjoyment of heavenly knowledge but when irradiated by a beam of light from on high, when enlightened by the free grace of God—the common Savior of all mankind.

‘For oars alone can ne’er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.’

Jesus Christ came to point us to the light within—the teacher placed in the heart of man—the magnet of divine truth—the Comforter promised to his disciples on condition that they waited quietly at Jerusalem until it should arise in their hearts. This ‘word is nigh thee, even in thy heart and in thy mouth.’

How little does the carnal mind know of the dignity of the human character. While endeavoring to prove that the Godhead dwelt personally in Jesus of Nazareth, the outward professor overlooks that divine nature implanted in his own breast, and heeding it not, does not know that by attention to its motions he, too, might be enabled to say, ‘I and my Father are one!’ Jesus called his disciples his brethren, and yet Jesus was one with God. So may we all feel our sonship, if by attention to the light within we come to a full understanding of the words of the Savior, ‘The kingdom of heaven is within you.’

I have not so inconsistent a view of the divine

and human characters as to suppose the Almighty would suffer immortal beings to grovel here in ignorance of himself if they chose to seek him. But He will not be found in the way of sin. First purge the heart of all unrighteousness, and whatever the voice of conscience testifies against cast off, though it be like a right eye or a right hand. The promise is given to the ‘pure in heart,’ that they shall see God—and he dwells not in a polluted temple.

From this short view of the character of man, as contrasted with that of inferior creatures, I hope the reader will arrive with me to the conclusion that he is created for some higher purpose than to amass wealth, to eat and to drink, to weep and to smile. It must be evident that we are not wholly ‘of the earth, earthy.’ It cannot be so. We have faculties, gifts, longings and affections, too high, too pure, and too noble, to be lavished upon earthly objects, and finally to be buried up forever beneath a mound of earth—like the carcass of the unreasoning brute.

Boston, Mass.

BETHA.



CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Original.

We ever delight to encourage literary effort in the young, perceiving as we do its bearing upon their future usefulness and success in life, if diligently pursued and properly directed. Whatever may be the choice of profession or occupation in this ‘working day world,’ the benefits of literary attainments will be found to repay all the labor bestowed in gaining them, and to these much of the improvement in the mechanic and useful arts may be traced. The following short article was written by a young relative of ours, 12 years of age, for ‘a composition piece’ on the day of school examination, and by which he gained the prize. We insert it for the worth of its lessons to his fellow youth, to encourage him and others to continue to cultivate their intellect for good.

ED.

ONCE more the day for examination has arrived—an eventful day in the history of a schoolboy, and one whose approach, while it is welcomed with joy by some, is dreaded by others. The summer term will soon be ended, and we shall be obliged to part with our kind teacher, it may be never to meet again. I regret to say we have not profited so much as we might and *certainly ought*, from the instruction we have received, but I hope our instructress, [the new teacher,] will impute it to the thoughtlessness of youth, and not to a desire to do wrong. To my schoolmates would I say, let us endeavor to store our minds with all useful knowledge, and not suffer a mo-

ment to pass unimproved. To do this we must be studious and attentive in school, for youth is the most proper season for cultivating useful instruction; it is at this period, also, that we should regulate our conduct, acquire pleasant and good habits, if we wish to be profitable members of society. We shall soon leave school, its duties and pleasures, and separate far from each other; it is necessary for us, then, to conduct in such a manner toward each other as will leave a pleasant impression upon our minds; we shall then love to think of our schooldays. Many happy seasons have we passed here together, and I hope to spend many more ere we enter into the cares of business. May we, then, rightly improve the little that remains, and strive to become good and wise men.

H. M.

Charlestown, Mass.



THE UNIVERSALIST'S HOPE.

Original.

'I THINK you do wrong to repine,' said Catherine Adams to Mrs. Howland. 'Your trials have been great, it is true; but your friends are infinitely happier than they could have been, had they remained with you. I think, so firm and unwavering is my trust in the wisdom and goodness of God, I could bear every trial he saw fit to impose upon me, and still say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."'

Mrs. Howland raised her tearful and sunken eyes to the young lady on whose arm she was leaning. 'Do not deceive yourself, my dear Catherine, I once felt as you do; I believed I could be happy if deprived of everything but the felt presence of God, and my hope of heaven. I was all romance. I do think that I have even when surrounded with wealth and friends, wished that I might have an opportunity of manifesting that indifference to the world and the things of the world, that happy, or at least cheerful resignation amid toil and deprivation, which in fancy I so loved to contemplate. You know how fearfully those dreams of enthusiasm have been realized. You know how I was reduced from affluence to poverty; how I saw my babes, my only ones laid in the grave; but Oh Catherine! you can never know how I longed, even prayed to be laid with them at rest. When I think of the past, the hot blood rushes to my head, I am chilled—I almost faint. Take my hand, Catherine.'

'Why, my dear Mrs. Howland, it is as cold

and damp as the face of the dead,' said Catherine tenderly, as she took the proffered hand in both hers. 'Let us leave this melancholy subject. Here is Lotisa Franklin's beautiful garden; shall we call and see her flowers?'

'Thank you, Catherine; but let me finish my story. Melancholy though my subject be, we may gather from it a lesson of humility. When you know all, I think you will not reprove me for mourning.'

'I did not mean to reprove you,' said Catherine. 'I beg your pardon for probing the wound I only wished to heal; pray proceed.'

'You know how strongly I was attached to my home, to you, and to our favorite walks; and you know too the extreme sensitiveness of my nature; hence you will infer that it was hard to give them all up for the "far west," devotedly as I loved my husband. It was dreary living in a log hut in the woods, although this husband was my kind and constant companion. But for these light afflictions, I found an antidote in prayer. That portion of my love that could no longer rest on earthly objects, I was enabled to transfer to my Maker at the throne of grace. On the whole, I was contented and happy, until with my own hands I closed the eyes of my first babe in death. Then my husband was unfortunate in his speculations, lost all; and in a state of disappointed pride and ambition bordering on frenzy, left me alone with my only remaining child, and one domestic. This child was my idol, and it was meet that it should be taken from me. They told me that it was taken in mercy; but I could not feel it. Now I must be brief,' she continued in a hurried tone. 'In a few days after the death of my child came the news that my husband was a self-murderer. For weeks I was deprived of my reason; I can only wonder that it ever returned—that I still retain it.' She paused, then continued in a solemn, mechanical manner, 'I am again under the paternal roof; again blessed with wealth and friendships; but I am far from being happy; indeed I am superlatively miserable. At the last meeting of our bible class, the question arose among the teachers—"Can the suicidal in any case be finally happy?" Some in pity to me, I think, contended that "with God all things were possible." But Deacon Graves settled the matter beyond dispute, by quoting the fearful passage, "No self-murderer shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." This was but a drop in a full cup; yet it was too much, and I

fainted. Since then it is perpetually recurring to me ; it haunts me like my shadow. May God forgive me, but I do not, I cannot feel any degree of resignation to the fate of my husband ; or submission to the will of that being, in whose hands he was as "clay in the hands of the potter."

'Pardon me for interrupting you,' said Catherine eagerly, 'that passage is not in the Bible.'

'Indeed it must be. I do not recollect that I ever saw it ; but our minister was present during the debate, and did not object to Deacon Graves' argument.'

'We will "search the scriptures," when we reach home,' said Catherine, 'but in the mean time, rest assured that you will not find it.'

'God grant that I may not ; we will hurry home, if you please.'

Not long after this, during a beautiful summer afternoon, we saw two ladies walking through the burying-ground. All knew Catherine at the first glance ; she was looking as ever, benevolent and happy.

'But I cannot guess who that is with her,' said Miss Perry, a lady who had just "happened in," and whom the whole village called the "mail." She looks as Mrs. Howland did, when she was Fanny Pomeroy.'

'Only more gentle and humble,' said the good old lady at whose house we were visiting.

'It is Mrs. Howland, if I live,' said Miss Perry, 'what can have wrought this change in her appearance ? I wish I knew what she and Catherine are talking about. Now I think of it,' she continued, turning suddenly to one of the party, 'should you not like to go out and see where your brother lays ; it is so sadly pleasant to visit the graves of our departed friends.'

'I must be excused ;' answered the lady, 'I was in the yard yesterday ; and I am much interested in learning of Mrs. Brown, the names and natures of her new minerals.'

Miss Perry gave a nod in reply, and again looked anxiously toward the burying-ground. 'Emily you and I will go out ; it is so fidgeting to remain in the house, when it is so pleasant out.'

'I think it sufficiently pleasant here,' said Emily, as she looked up from some prints she was examining.

She had no listeners, but she said, as she rose and took her bonnet, 'I promised Mrs. Dunlap that I would copy the lines on her son's stone. Have you pencil and paper handy, Mrs. Brown ?'

Mrs. Brown rose to bring them from the study.

'Do not trouble yourself to bring them from another room. I am in a hurry—or—I mean I have an excellent memory, and can easily learn them.' So saying, she hurried to the ground, and took a walk leading to the spot on which Mrs. Howland and Catherine were standing. She remained near them a few moments, for the ostensible purpose of reading an inscription ; then returned to the house, her cheek flushed, and her whole manner excited.

'Pray have you seen an apparition, Miss Perry ?' asked Emily Dodd.

'No ; but I have got a secret—although that was not my object in going,' she added with a blush, as she caught the roguish eye of Emily. 'I chanced to pass near them, and heard Mrs. Howland say, "Well has Paul said in view of this subject, O grave, where is thy victory ? O death where is thy sting ? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory ;" and thanks to you, my dear, dear Catherine, for your aid in leading me from the valley of the shadow of moral death in which I had so long been groping. My lost ones have taken up their abodes with the "spirits of the just made perfect." There we shall

"All rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven."

Catherine was about to answer her, but I would not stay and hear the hypocrite.'

'What proof have you, that Catherine Adams is a hypocrite ?' asked Emily, as she brushed a tear from her cheek.

'It would occupy me the whole afternoon, to tell the half ; and my time is too valuable to be spent thus. I promised to call on Mrs. Deacon Graves, so I wish you a good afternoon, ladies. I shall expect to see you all at the public meeting this evening.'

E. J. C.

Amoskeag, N. H.



USES OF SUBLUNARY EXISTENCE.

Original.

THE enemies of impartial grace are fond of speaking of Universalism with disdain. They say that it is 'neither the one thing nor the other ;' that it has no plan, that it represents the Creator in a degrading point of view. They say that when we regard this life as a state of probation everything appears consistent, natural and reasonable. But they desire to know why man was put into this world at all, if no end was

to be answered by it. They can see no wisdom, no plan, in placing us here to struggle with pain and doubt a few years, when we are to be received into certain happiness after death. They ask why we were not at once created angels—since our conduct here can have no influence over our future destiny.

Now these questions appear singularly improper in the mouths of men who are continually reminding us that the ways of God are inscrutable, and that we have no right to murmur because the mystery of the gospel is unfathomable; who tell us that faith must be exercised on all occasions, and that even dogmas contrary to human reason must be believed, on pain of eternal damnation. It is strange that men who insist on our believing that three are one and one is three, should object to our faith on the ground that it seems, in one instance, to be unreasonable.

We should suppose that these great sticklers for blind faith might think it *possible* that the Almighty had some good end in view by bringing us into this world, before crowning us with immortality and endless beatitude.

Indeed, it appears to me, that however unreasonable such a belief may be, it is not so objectionable as the doctrine of an endless hell. A certain wit observed that 'the worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him.' I think that there is still a more useless purpose which he could be made to subserve. To sentence him to perpetual misery would be even worse than to hang him; and could not be of service to any body. So that if the partialist objects to our theory on the ground of its inutility, what must be said of his own horrid theory?

According to his doctrine, the omnipotent Creator has thrust us into this world for no other purpose but to afford an excuse for plunging myriads of human beings into the flames of endless and intolerable misery!

Why let mankind run this dreadful risk at all, since it was in the power of God to make the righteous angels in the outset, and not to create the others at all?

So much for the reasonableness of the two systems.

But we are willing to admit that God has done some things which are not to be fathomed by human reason. We are content to believe his promises of salvation, and also to think it possible that he had some good purpose in sending us, primarily, upon this earth.

Yet we are not wholly without some plausible theories on the subject, which show that it is possible, at least, for men to be born first and to be made immortal afterward.

What if the beetle were to ridicule the caterpillar on this wise,—'Foolish worm to suppose that you, loathsome and vile as you are, will one day be a beautiful fly, and will stretch your gilded wings, covered with gold and ebony, like yon charming insects that sport in the sunbeams! Know, foolish worm, that the Creator forms a creature but once. Had he intended to make you a butterfly, why did he first make you a worm? why did he not make you a butterfly at once? What end do you subserve by leading a miserable existence, crawling for a number of days upon the ground, and then becoming transformed into a beautiful fly?'

We ask whether it is contrary to nature that finite beings should undergo mutations. The simple acorn that swings about in the winds of heaven for months, is at length an oak. Why was it not created an oak in the first place? The block of marble is transformed into a statue; on the lineaments of its stony countenance intelligence, grief, joy, or love, is depicted. All things change. These things are given for our instruction. Man is finite, and is as obnoxious to mutations as any part of the creation. On the principle of progression, it is very natural that man should first be created lower than the angels—united to matter—and that he should rise higher in the scale of beings afterward.



ON THE DEATH OF MISS E. A. B.

Original.

A FLOWER hath withered, aye faded from our view,
A bud, a beauteous, lovely bud,
Bright with the morning dew.

Short was its stay in this lone world of ours,—
It had not strength to stem the blast—
'Tis now in God's own bowers.

A sister flower doth mourn this absent one,
A parent stem with anguish feels,
What reckless death hath done.

Well might it be, so lovely and so pure,
Blessed with a heart of tenderness—
Kind to the aged poor.

Yet would I doubt—ere sixteen summers fled—
That one so young hath passed away,
And lies among the dead.

But it is true—I saw that lily cheek,
That lifeless form, and brow so pale,
So placid, and so meek.

I stood, in silent meditation stood,
And asked my soul why I was there,
It answered, 'God is good.'

And ye who once did make this earth more fair,
More gaily bright and beautiful,
In heaven art with Him there.

So we'll not mourn, that one bright link hath gone
From off the chain that binds us here,
But say, 'Thy will be done.'

L.

Boston, Mass.



THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE. NO. II.

Original.

How came the various parts of the bible together? This we shall answer, first, of the Old Testament, and then of the New. The books of the Old Testament did not exist as a compilation till after the Babylonian captivity, when they were collected by Ezra; but though, in general, the compilation is ascribed to him, it is evident from several particulars in his history, that the collection was perfected by another hand. It is very reasonably supposed that several additions have been made to some of the books since his time, or that they were incorporated into the sacred volume after his death. Malachi is generally allowed to have lived after Ezra; in Nehemiah mention is made of Jaddua as high priest, and Darius Codomanus as king of Persia, who were an hundred years later than Ezra; and the genealogy of the sons of Zerubbabel is carried down to the time of Alexander in the book of Chronicles; all which could not have been embraced in the canon in Ezra's days. These additions to the canon of the Old Testament are ascribed to Simon the Just; and since his day the volume has remained as we have it. For more than 400 years before the christian era no one appeared successfully claiming the prophetic office, and no additions were made to the sacred books. And it is important to notice this fact, 'that during so long a period, while they were lamenting the loss of the prophetic spirit, and expecting its return, no false claims were ventured to be made, or if the claim was made it was not acknowledged, shows that the reception of books into the Jewish canon* was a matter of

evidence, and not of accident or caprice, and that imposition by a false claim was not easily effected.'

The collection of books that forms the New Testament was not made in a like manner by a single person; and had there been a formal reception of them by any body whose authority was final, we should have some record of the fact. Each book seems to have been received by common consent, and the collection to be but a compilation of what was honored as sacred from the time the several parts were published. Why this compilation was not made in an early period of the church, is a question of easy solution; for the historical books were designed by their authors for the use of communities of believers far distant from each other, and each history was complete in itself for their use; and with this we should remember the only method then known of publishing works, viz., the process of writing, tedious and expensive. Many of the epistles of the apostles were written for the especial benefit of individual churches; and with the difficulties under which the primitive christians labored, it is not to be wondered at that a long time elapsed before all the gospels, and authentic writings of the apostles, were brought together and published in one book. Books in those days were things of great expense, and the poor and the simple could not enjoy them, but were rich if they gained a few phylacteries. Providence seems to have designed good for the church in the not gathering of the several parts of the christian scriptures in one book; for this made personal preaching more important, and the witnesses of Christ—they who had seen and could testify of him—went forth themselves, and with an eloquence, the eloquence of feeling, which no book can possess, they proclaimed the truths they were commissioned to teach, and confirmed their instructions by works which show that God was with them. While the apostles and their disciples lived and zealously spread abroad what they knew, the necessity of the possession of the written testimony was not felt as in after time. When the need came the books were sent forth, and multiplied according

The Jewish canon contains the books of the Old Testament; the christian canon the books of the New Testament—though it is commonly spoken of as including both Old and New Testaments, as, in common with Jews, christians admit the sacred character of the Old. The canon of scripture refers to this catalogue of books; and a book called canonical belongs to this catalogue.

* The term *canon*, theologically used, designates the books received, by Jews and christians, as of divine authority, and containing the proper rule of faith.

to the wants of the church. In the productions of those writers who were contemporary with the apostles, (commonly styled the apostolic fathers,) we have evidence of the existence of several of the New Testament books, quoted and referred to as sacred authority. As now the original witnesses of Christ, and the immediate disciples of the apostles, were fast passing away, the need of the written word was being widely felt, and preachers and the churches became anxious to become possessed of the scattered writings of those who were commissioned to record truths, and gradually the desire increased to bring together all the authentic productions to throw light and illustration on each other. Now the public reading of the books became established as a part of the religious service, and all the churches to adopt this salutary custom sought for the means. Soon following the general adoption of this practice, are found traces of the existence of the collection of New Testament books in one. At that period the genuineness and authenticity of a book professing to be from the commissioned of Christ, were easily settled; for no book would be received that was not known to exist in the time of its reputed author; and any one whose teachings militated against the personal preaching of the original witnesses, would be rejected at once. These authors had been personally in a multitude of different places, countries far distant from each other, and there they had told the story of the Savior's life, and proclaimed the truths he taught; so sublime was the relation, and so astonishing the teachings, that impressions were made deep on the minds of those who received and believed the truth; and thus in widely separated places there were persons well fitted to test the true character of any professed production of the sacred writers. And the very fact that early productions, professedly from Paul and Peter, were rejected as fictions, is proof positive of the exercise of prudent discrimination in the primitive churches; fictions did exist, and were never received into the honored volume. It may also add to the force of this assurance to state the fact, that the claims of some of the epistles now established, were at first denied, and were not admitted till satisfactory proof was found to satisfy the churches. Thus in the age when care could be best bestowed to guard against imposition, all possible care was employed.

The unseen hand of God in preserving this

treasure is acknowledged by the student. His providence is distinctly seen in the train of events by which the truth has been handed down to our age; and though it has passed through perilous times, yet it is given to us for our guidance and comfort. Let us venerate and value as we ought what has so wonderfully been preserved.

The uncorruptness and history of the translations of the scriptures, will be next attended to.

Haverhill, Mass.

ED.



IMAGINATION.

Original.

BY MRS. S. L. WHISTON.

IN the exercise of a cultivated imagination there is much of pleasure and enjoyment; it is to the moral what the sun is to the natural world—gilding with its radiant beams not only common and useful objects, but with its vivifying heat warming into being numberless wild-flowers and fragrant herbage, to cheer the lonely wanderer through this, otherwise, dreary waste of existence.

O, imagination, how powerful thou art! Thou canst, with a wave of thy magic wand, not only create bright and lovely visions, seen only by those with whom thou art in the habit of daily intercourse, but canst call up the buried grandeur and beauty of past ages; and with the aid of history array before us those splendid monuments of antiquity, the ruins of which meet the inquiring eye of the scientific and curious traveler in almost all parts of the old world. It needs but a touch of thy all-powerful art, to carry us back even to the time when Moses led the children of Israel through the manna-strewn wilderness, across the Red Sea to the land of promise; to stand with him in silent awe amid the thunders of Sinai, and receive the great commandments of the 'God of battle and of storm.' Now we take thy untiring wings and fly through time and space until we find ourselves standing in the Acropolis, listening with breathless attention among the crowd of Athenians, to the lofty but simple eloquence, the soul-inspiring truths of him who, from Mar's Hill, preached 'Jesus and the resurrection.'

Anon we are borne along through the lapse of years. The lava-covered cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum are spread out before our admiring eyes in all their original beauty and splendor. The streets alive with the now skeleton forms,

clothed upon with flesh and beauty, engaged in the business and pleasures of life with all the activity which health, and hope, and joy imparts—unconscious of the melancholy fate that awaited them. But there is a dearer, holier, sweeter scene that, with thy assistance, we would fain contemplate. It is the home of our childhood, accompanied with all its tender and time-hallowed associations, coming up through the intermediate years pure, and unmingled with the subsequent cares and disappointments which have crossed our uneven pathway. There, amid the 'green bowers' of 'home, sweet home,' would our imagination pause in its rapid flight, and with 'memory still linger round the spot,' forgetful that there is any such thing as futurity, or that the present possesses any claims upon our time and attention.

But it is in the future that imagination has its widest sway; here there are no lions in the path to frighten or turn her aside as she bounds over hill and dale—lake, ocean, and streams. Here no clouds darken the horizon to prevent her eagle flight, as, guided by hope, she soars upward until she penetrates the jewel-decked canopy that hangs over this dingy sphere, and roams at will where human footsteps never trod, amid those elysian fields where dwell beatified spirits of angels and 'just men made perfect,' even the paradise of God.

Cooperstown, Nov. 1838.



DEATH OF INFANTS.

Original.

If there is any time when death appears deprived of its sting, and of those repulsive features which have earned for it the title of King of Terrors, it is when the innocent and guileless infant loosens its hold upon a world whose bitterness it has hardly tasted, and sinks almost imperceptibly into the arms of him who blessed little children.

It is true that it has enjoyed none of the pleasures of life. It has not learned what God has done for us on this side the grave. It has known nothing of the revelation of his future mercies; but it has also escaped the pangs of disappointed hope, the anguish of remorse, and the thousand woes to which those are doomed who lead a long life, and go down to the grave full of years. It is a little human being, endowed with reason and an immortal nature, yet it goes out of being without having known its parents, or realized

the gifts of heaven. It has known nothing of the heart-burnings, the contests, the jealousies, the ambitious longings, or the frailties of poor human nature. It opened its eyes upon the sun—looked around for a few days upon the objects nearest at hand—perhaps wondered, smiled, wept, and then sunk back into its original nothingness. The world has known nothing of it—it has made no impression upon men's minds—it has neither called forth their gratitude, their admiration, or their fears. It has passed away, and no historian records the date of its existence. Like a flower in the desert, it has bloomed and died. A little mound in the church-yard is all the memento that tells of its appearance among the children of men.

Yet one heart, at least, has bled—one bosom heaves the sigh, and the pale cheek of one gentle sufferer tells that her infant, though insignificant in the eyes of the world, was dear to her; and that its loss is not to be forgotten. While its little breast was convulsed with pain, that pallid countenance hung over its couch—those eyes watched when others were wrapped in slumber, and when forgetfulness had taken possession of their senses, she turned night into day, and with deep anxiety noted each fluctuation in the disorder whose final triumph has consigned her loved one to the dust. When its little body writhed with pain, her hand administered the anodyne, and when its slumbers were quiet, the soft smile of a mother's joy rose to her pale lips.

In vain did she leave her pillow unpressed through the live-long night—in vain did she weary herself with plans for the relief of her little innocent. The insidious disease progressed unseen, and the principle of life is now struggling with the subtle poison. Now its little arms are tossed over its head—now it turns its imploring eyes upward to its mother's face. Oh! she would give the wealth of the Indies—she would pour out her own blood like water, if the sacrifice would restore ease and health to her suffering little one. But in vain does the sick child appeal to her; a higher power holds its destiny in his hand—nature is conquered and life is fast ebbing away. It appears sensible that no earthly power can save it. It closes its eyes as if in resignation to the Divine will. Now it gasps a moment for breath, the features sharpen, a dark circle is rapidly formed about the eyes. It breathes not. The harmless spirit has passed away, and the worthless dross of earth alone is

NOTICES.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR. This is the season of friendly gifts, and accordingly the press teems with productions suitable for the purpose. We have spread out before us numerous beautiful and splendid volumes, rich in intellectual and outward charms, and various as the different characters that bestow gifts. And while we wish our patrons a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, we hope they will do their part to keep up the good customs of olden time, and let affection's tokens go round.—As many of our friends may wish to know of a suitable place whereto they can go or send for presents for the Christmas and New Year's holidays, we recommend them to Mr. Abel Tompkins, 32 Cornhill, where all the annuals may be found, and a great variety of other than stationery articles.

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE. This is one of the richest, if not the richest, annual that issues from the American press. Indeed we have seen none among the English annuals that, for beauty of execution, surpasses this; and as an evidence of the advance of the arts in our country, it is valuable. Its contributors are among the most finished writers in Europe and America, and the volume before us for 1839 contains many elegant productions. The work is embellished with 10 splendid plates, each of which is a gem. It is edited by Rev. John A. Clark, and is published by Wm. Marshall & Co., Philadelphia. For our copy we are indebted to the politeness of Mr. B. B. Mussey, the agent in Boston for the publishers.

THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR. This is the Boston annual which has been for years a favorite in our midst. The present volume does not contain such elegant plates as the last, but its literary execution and typographical beauty are equal to former years. The price is reduced, which, as the publishers remark, better adapts it to the state of the times and the demands of the public. It is, however, a beautiful volume, and worthy to be made a 'token' of love or friendship. Published by Otis, Broaders & Co., Boston, to whom we are indebted for our copy, and for the four following works.

'THE LADIES ANNUAL REGISTER AND HOUSE-WIFE'S ALMANAC FOR 1839.' This is just what the ladies want. A volume full of entertaining and instructive matter—hints about domestic affairs, receipts for various palatable combinations, economies, and many a rich article on moral duty and the endearing relations of life and the amiable virtues. The work is neatly got up, finely printed, and corresponds with the last year's, so that it may be bound with that. We know our readers will be pleased with this work, and we therefore commend it to their especial attention. It is edited by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, published by Otis, Broaders & Co.

'YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE.' This is another annual issued by the same enterprising publishers for the young. It is a very pretty book, of interesting matter, embellished with several engravings—the frontispiece is a fine portrait of Queen Victoria. It is worthy the attention of those who wish to make a handsome present to a good child or young friend. Its motto is to the purpose:—

'Take it—'tis a gift of love
That seeks thy good alone;
Keep it for the giver's sake,
And read it for thy own.'

'THE HARP OF ACCUSHNET; poems by Mrs. Elizabeth Hawes, Boston; Otis, Broaders & Co., 1838.' The author of this volume writes in a free, flowing

style, as one that has an eye open to see the beautiful in nature, and is acquainted with the springs of joy and sorrow in the human breast. We have read the poems with pleasure. And the volume being published in a neat, handsome style, it is well suited for a present book.

'MAN IN HIS PHYSICAL STRUCTURE AND ADAPTATIONS; by Robert Mudie, author of "The Heavens," "The four Seasons," "The British Naturalist," etc., etc. Boston. Otis, Broaders & Co. 1839.' On the front of this work may be marked *Utility*; for it is an aid to the important study of self-knowledge, acquainting man with his physical structure and its adaptations to the duties required of him. Those who are acquainted with the author's former works need not be told concerning the execution of this, as it is written in the same intelligible, interesting and convincing manner as characterizes its predecessors. Had we space we should be happy to give an outline of the plan; but as it is, we can only remark that the book is divided into 7 chapters, with the following captions:—Preliminary remarks; Importance of self-knowledge; Man alone can acquire knowledge; Man can have no knowledge but what he acquires; Place and purpose of man; Sensation and the senses; Sensation—particulars of some of the senses, and their connection. pp. 294.

The typographical execution of this work is worthy of all praise, and is said by competent judges to be equal to the London edition. It is honorable to the publishers, and we know of no work of this character that excels it in mechanical execution.

Any or all of the above works may be had at Abel Tompkins's, 32 Cornhill.

TALES AND SKETCHES BY A CHRISTMAS FIRE-SIDE; by the author of 'Rose Graham,' 'The McCarthy Family,' &c. This is a new, neat little book, containing a series of tales and sketches related at a cheerful gathering round a Christmas fireside. The author's former works have been very popular with the juvenile public, and her style is well suited to attract and please the youthful mind. The present volume is a very interesting one, and is commended to our friends as a neat and very suitable present for the approaching holidays. It is published by A. Tompkins, and B. B. Mussey, and is 'got up' in a handsome style; price 25 cents.

GIFT FOR CHILDREN; a collection of original tales and poems. This is a very pretty collection of interesting articles for the young. It is neatly printed and is ornamented with a fine engraving. It is commended, among the multitude, to the patronage and favor of our friends. Published by A. Tompkins, price 42 cents.

'THE EXPOSITOR AND UNIVERSALIST REVIEW.' This most excellent and needed work has reached the close of another volume, and a new one will be commenced in January. In reference to this the editor says, 'From encouragement given by several writers, and from other favorable circumstances, I feel safe in promising that *additional* talent will be employed, and that an improvement will be made in the literary style of the work. We hope to approach still nearer towards our object, which is, to fill our numbers with thorough and finished essays, to the exclusion of everything that falls below that character.' With this we can safely rest a claim for an extensive patronage. The character of the work maintained through the past volumes, is sufficient to give it a high place in the estimation of those who desire to have sent abroad that knowledge which the thorough student can alone give, to further the right understanding of the scrip-

tures. The last volume contains 41 articles, the greater portion of them very valuable. Of the seven most elaborate articles of the editor, each is worth the price of a volume; and the subscription compared with the value of the whole is small indeed. We hope for the work a patronage in some degree commensurate with its merits—a patronage vastly exceeding what its prospects seem now to promise. Let the officers of our *Institutes* see what they can do for it among the members; a little effort will do much in its behalf.

'The Expositor' is published, for the proprietors, by George W. Bazin, 40 Cornhill, Boston, on the 1st of every other month, at \$2 per volume, payable, in all cases, on delivery of first No. Rev. H. Ballou 2nd, editor.

THE YOUNG HUSBAND, or duties of man in the marriage relation; by Dr. Alcott. This completes the regular series of books for adult persons, belonging to the domestic relation, by this author. We learn that the materials of this volume, together with those of the Young Wife, Young Mother, &c., have been in the course of preparation for the last fifteen years, instead of being thrown together in haste, as some may have supposed, on account of their appearing so closely in succession. The Young Husband, like the other works is stereotyped, and is embellished with an elegant steel plate. George W. Light publisher, No. 1, Cornhill.

RICHES WITHOUT WINGS, OR MARY CLEVELAND; by a lady whose productions have met with considerable popularity. It is a story, illustrating the advantages of mental, moral and physical cultivation. George W. Light, publisher.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN, or the Human Body; by Dr. Alcott, third edition. This edition is stereotyped, the author having taken advantage of some improvements made in the London re-print, which has been favorably received in England. George W. Light, publisher.

We shall notice the above works further, as soon as we have more opportunity to examine them.

'THE MEDICAL COMPANION; treating according to the most successful practice of the diseases to which man is subject; with a description of vegetable medicines, and of the manner of preparing and using them; also a description of roots and herbs. To which is added an Essay on Hygea, or the art of preserving and prolonging life; by Dr. Michael L. Priest. Exeter, 1838.' This is the descriptive title of a new work by an intelligent physician of extensive practice, prepared by the request of many who have successfully adopted his modes of cure. Our medical knowledge being very limited, we cannot go into a nice analysis of the work, but simply state that the author is represented by those acquainted with his merits, as every way fitted to prepare a work of the pretensions of the above, and in this volume he gives the result of his learning and experience. It can be had at this office by appointment of the author.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL CONVENTION SERMON, for 1838, by Br. A. C. Thomas, has been published in neat pamphlet form, and may be had at this office. Price 62 1-2 cents per dozen, or 6 cents single. A most excellent production on the 'more excellent ministry.'

MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE, new volume January 1839. Our readers well know the high estimation in which we hold this work, conducted now, as formerly, with vigor, talent, and unwearied care. It stands in the foremost rank of our denominational periodicals,

and for varied usefulness and general interest, is surpassed by none. It is published weekly, quarto form, 8 pages, at \$1 50 in advance; \$2 if not paid within 4 months, \$2 50 at end of year. The Magazine and Advocate is always issued punctually; is one of the neatest printed exchanges we receive, and is commended to our friends as a periodical of sterling worth. Grosh & Hutchinson, publishers, Utica, N. Y.

UNIVERSALIST UNION. We have received the first number of a new series of this well conducted and executed Magazine. The present number is published in octavo form, 16 pages, the most convenient for binding, making a volume of 832 pages at end of the year, at \$2 50 in advance. Br. Price, the publisher, also issues a quarto edition of same matter, at \$2 per annum. We do sincerely hope that the unwearied industry of the publisher will at length be rewarded by a just appreciation of his labors in the cause of religious and moral truth, and that all his patrons may be patrons indeed. Published in New York city, every Saturday; new volume commenced November 10.

'THE LAYMAN'S LEGACY.' Such is the title of a new work, proposals for the publishing of which have been sent out. It is to contain 25 sermons on important subjects by Henry Fitz, well known by his writings to the Universalist public. The proposed volume will be filled with sermons never before published, and embrace a great variety of doctrinal matter. It will be issued in neat 12mo form, put up in best muslin binding, with a handsome title stamp; pages 350 to 400, or perhaps rising, and the price from 75 cents to \$1, not exceeding \$1. It will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained to warrant the expense. Subscriptions received at this office.

THE COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL. We have been favored with the first number of this new publication, to be issued semi-monthly, 16 pages octavo, at \$1 per year. This work is to be devoted to the interests of common schools, to set forth their worth and importance, and their claims upon all the friends of virtue and intelligence. The Hon. Horace Mann has the editorial supervision of the work, who is known throughout our ancient commonwealth as the eloquent and forcible advocate of education, and the number before us contains a valuable paper from his pen on education and common schools. We have no doubt that a very large circulation will be given to this periodical; its objects are so noble and important that we are constrained to say to the conductors, 'God speed!' Marsh, Capen & Lyon are the publishers, 133 Washington street, Boston.

WINNISIMMET CHRONICLE. This is a neat little sheet sent forth from the village of Chelsea, Mass. Success to the project.

List of Letters containing remittances received since our last, ending Dec. 5, 1838.

J. B., W. Newburg, (\$2 for T. B. W.) \$5; K. B., Bramin's Corner, \$2; C. C., Bethel, \$2; M. B. W., Saccarappa, \$16; J. T. G., Bath, \$4; C. M. A., Centre Perry, \$2; J. W., Sandtown, \$2; S. F., Amoskeag, \$2; B. F. R., Philadelphia, \$5; E. B. W., Farmington, \$5; J. S., Exeter, \$15; T. J. T., Hiram, \$6; W. T., Scipio, \$2; N. S., New London, \$2; O. W., Cooperstown, \$4; T. P., West Plymouth, \$2; C. W. M., Petersham, \$5; J. M. S., Hartford, \$20; J. T. G., Bath, \$6; D. D., Yates, \$2; J. S. M., Strafford, \$2; N. D., New Bedford, \$2; M. H., Shirley Village, \$2; J. B., Volney, (perfectly satisfied—vol. 4 awaits his order,) \$10; H. W., Bangor, \$2; I. C. P., Canton, \$2.

left behind. That little heart that never knew an evil thought, incapable of guile or malice, pure as the sea-washed pearl, has gone to that other world where virtue is all in all. How welcome to the shrine of Omnipotence! How congenial is its nature with the air of heaven! O, how well the harp of praise becomes its hand—how acceptable the incense which ascends from its pure heart to the Father of light and mercy! Well did the Psalmist say, 'From the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise!'

Then be comforted, thou weeping mother, for thou hast added another to the choir of angels that surround the throne. Thy beatified and innocent one has gone before thee to that happy place where there is no more weeping and no more sorrow. Well mayst thou be comforted, for when thou hast put off the shackles of mortality, thou wilt meet thy loved and lamented one, radiant with smiles, and ready to welcome thee to the golden city of our God!



A VOICE FROM AFAR.

Original.

WE lay the following extract from a letter received from a patron in Durham, Lower Canada, before our readers with pleasure, believing it will interest them as it has us. We also present it as an illustration of the darkening effects of a sincere belief in the partial doctrines of men, and as an incentive to greater zeal in the children of faith to spread abroad the true sanctifying and comforting knowledge of God and his government. We rejoice in the news our brother gives of the onward course of truth in his region, and pray that God will bless him and make him faithful even unto death. Ed.

'THE glorious cause of a world's salvation is onward in this section. We have no heralds of the gospel here, nevertheless the bible, together with books and papers of our denomination, have done much. There are many highly esteemed as christians in different partialist denominations, who have embraced and publicly profess to be happy in the belief of the final restitution of all things. Brother, can you send us a preacher of glad tidings? he shall be paid, if he will come and spend a few weeks with us; it will require one both wise and harmless. I am confident that an enterprising gospel preacher would be well supported, and with the blessing of God be instrumental of much good to the cause of our dear Redeemer. We want more of our books; should any of our brethren come this way, they will do well to bring some. I have made it an invariable rule to purchase all books that have come in my

way, that would serve to enlighten the traditionated minds of my fellow mortals. I lend them freely. I know how to pity those that are slaves to the cruel and contradictory creeds of men. None but my Father in heaven knows what I have suffered in consequence of an erroneous education, and that principally by my best earthly friend, my mother. She was a firm believer in Calvinism; my mind became very much agitated. I grew anxious with respect to my eternal state; frightful dreams came over me,—sometimes I hung on the brink of the bottomless pit, every moment expecting to drop into the liquid flames below, where I could behold the damned spirits writhing in everlasting torment, and hear their wailings; and sometimes fancied myself floating on an immense sheet of liquid fire. This was not all; I had a father whom I loved most dearly; he made no profession of religion, although he was a very kind and benevolent man, was generous to a fault, if possible, was always ready to assist the needy; I asked my mother what would be his doom? She replied, "He must undoubtedly be miserable." I then said to her, I never could be happy if in heaven, if I should know my father was in hell. She replied, "I would then be changed, and become reconciled to God." I observed, that I hoped I should always love my father. She then wept and said, that unless I loved God better than my father, I must be forever miserable. I was much alarmed as my mother pointed me to some scriptures, as she thought, in proof of what she said. I was at this time nine years old. I then commenced reading the Bible, and continued so to do for a number of years; as I grew to maturer age, and more capable of understanding, I began to notice the gospel promises. I very particularly observed the declaration that God is good unto all, and that his tender mercies are over all his works. That God is love; that he wills the salvation of all; that known unto him are all things; and that the pleasure of the Lord should prosper in Christ's hands. Then on the other hand, I referred to the threatenings as I then supposed meant everlasting punishment, and the result was to me that the Bible was a tissue of contradictions. Brother, are you surprised that I became a Deist? I do believe that the cruel, contradictory and inconsistent creeds of those professing to be christians, is the cause of infidelity. I now praise God that I am enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable, believing in the final restitution of all

things. I am not surprised that publicans and sinners drew near to hear our blessed Savior, and that they gladly heard him. I firmly believe that there is not an intelligent being, saint or sinner, rich or poor, to whom the gospel would not be good tidings, and who would not rejoice to believe it. I do not believe there is an intelligent being in the universe of God, unbiassed by education, to whom the doctrine of never ending misery and eternal wrath, would not be the worst news, and the most horrible tidings that could possibly be proclaimed, not excepting atheism. For who would not prefer annihilation to endless misery, admitting that it was possible for him to know that he was elected, whilst millions of millions of his fellow beings were doomed to endless sufferings, and without a shadow of doubt, some of that number his nearest and dearest relatives and friends?

Your friend and brother in Christ,

E. DORMAN.'



INTOLERANCE.

Original.

IN social life we have each our own views in reference to the various movements of the age, and think as we please, and argue as we please, respecting politics and all speculative questions, and never think of denying to others who differ from us, a love of their country or truth. And this is right. But there are some fiery spirits that deem only one test of love of goodness, justice and right, as worthy of their attention, and that is—following and imitating them; if with them a person thinks, speaks and acts, that person is of right principle; but if he does not, he is deficient in wisdom, independence, and devotion to the rights of man. This is presumption unbecoming any man, yet how often is it manifested in life!



HOPE AND MEMORY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A LITTLE babe lay in its cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised it another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower over which it clapped its hands and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones which it should gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend

came and kissed it—her name was Memory. She said, 'Look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest.' The child answered, 'I see a little book.' And Memory said, 'I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, and that shall be sweet to thee when thou art old.'

The child became a youth. Once when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, 'Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile as sweet as the lay I sung thee.'

But Memory said, 'Hope! is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine. And we will be to him as sisters, all his life long.'

So he kissed Hope and Memory; and was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully, they sat silent by his side weaving rainbow-tissue into dreams. When he woke, they came with the lark to bid him good morning, and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory, at the table of knowledge.

But at length age found him and turned his temples gray. To his eye the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbowed chair like an old tried friend. He looked at her seriously, and said, 'Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted to thee?'

And she answered, 'I fear so; for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary and sleep, and then Time purloins my key. But gems thou didst give me when life was new—I can account for all. See how bright they are.'

While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had worn folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenward flight.

The old man lay down to die, and when his soul left the body, the angels took it, and Memory walked with it through the open gate of heaven, but Hope lay down at its threshold, and gently expired, as a rose giveth out its last odors. Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed into the bosom of a glorious form, and said:—

'Immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine, Jesus hath received it.'

A good key is necessary to enter into Paradise.

LOMBARD STREET.

Air by A. C. Thomas.
Harmonized by Thomas Whittemore.

When our Spirits shall soar on the ho - ly, ho - ly wing, To the Father of Spirits a - bove,

Sal - vation and honor we'll ever, ever sing, To the praise of his mercy and love.

1
When our Spirits shall soar on the holy, holy wing
To the Father of Spirits above,
Salvation and honor we'll ever, ever sing,
To the praise of His mercy and love.

2
In the fulness of feeling we'll freely, freely bow,
And rejoicingly kneel at His shrine,
And meekly presenting our humble, grateful vow,
We will joy in His glories divine.

3
Where the river of mercy so sweetly, sweetly flows,
From the throne of our God and the Lamb,
There the tree of salvation and blessing ever grows,
And blooms full in the smile of I AM.

4
O how brightly serene is the joyous welcome ray,
That now beams on the darkness of time!
For it lighteth the path of our weary pilgrim way,
By the dawn of an era sublime.

5
We will sing hallelujah, and fervently adore—
Hallelujah to Infinite Love!
We will sing hallelujah for ever, ever more,
In the home of the spirit above!